Circulation Last Week, 130,000.

SAMPLE COPIES Sent Free to any address.

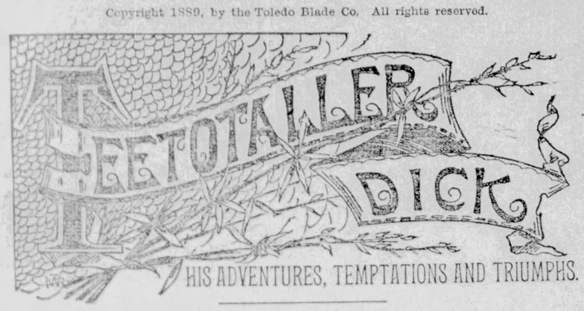
TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

READ ANNOUNCEMENT OF Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's *NEW STORY*, ON FOURTH PAGE.

VOLUME LVII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1889. NUMBER 52.

Our New Serial Story.

Copyright 1889, by the Toledo Blade Co. All rights reserved.



A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

Thomas W. Knox

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS" (IN TEN VOLUMES), "CAMP-FIRE AND COTTON FIELD," "UNDER GROUND," "DECISIVE BATTLES SINCE WATERLOO," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," "MARCO POLO FOR BOYS AND GIRLS," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN GRAHAM IN JAIL.

IT was a sleepless night in the house of John Graham after Dick told of his treatment at the tavern, and the impossibility of learning what had become of his father. Mrs. Graham sat up until after midnight, in the hope that her husband would return; then she went to bed, but so far as sleep was concerned she might as well have remained up till morning.

After a very meagre breakfast, for no other could be afforded in that poverty-stricken household, Dick started once more upon his search. He went first to the house of Mr. Colby, a neighbor, who had often befriended them in their troubles, and told all that he knew. Mr. Colby listened attentively, and immediately went with Dick to the tavern, and peremptorily demanded why the boy had been so treated on the previous evening.

"We didn't want him bothering round here," was the unfeeling reply of the landlord, "and that's all there is about it."

"But where is his father? If you know, tell us."

"Well, I guess he is in the jail, if you want to know. Anyhow that's where he went last night. Its a good thing one way for him, as he'll have a chance to get sober."

"In jail! What's he there for?"

"Well he's charged with stealing, and when men steal money or anything else they must expect to go to jail."

Evidently the moralizing of the landlord was intended to cover up something he didn't want to be questioned upon too closely. At any rate this was the surmise of Mr. Colby, who at once dropped the conversation and started with Dick for the building where John Graham was supposed to be a prisoner.

The jail was a new edifice, and some of the citizens thought it was an ornament to the place, while others did not share their opinion. Before the erection of the distillery there was no jail in Liberty, for the simple reason that none had been needed; the great increase of drunkenness caused by the distillery and the crimes that came from the drunkenness had made the jail a necessity for the community. It was never without an occupant, and sometimes every cell had a tenant. All the world over the distillery, the grog-shop, the jail, the prison and the gallows have a close relation to each other. Very appropriately, the jail, the distillery and the White Horse tavern were so near together that as one approached the village in a certain direction they seemed to form a single group.

The jailer demurred at first to the admission of Mr. Colby and Dick to an interview with the prisoner, but, after a little parley, the matter was arranged and they passed within the massive doors. John was brought from the cell where he had passed the night and slept away the effects, or some of the effects, of his debauch. He was nervous and excited and professed ignorance of the cause of his arrest, and it was, no doubt, an honest profession, as it is often the case that men have no recollection of what they have done in moments of intoxication. He was very penitent withal, and promised that if he could be released he would never touch another drop of ardent spirits. As he had made this promise many times before it did not have much weight with Mr. Colby.

While they were talking the deputy sheriff arrived, the one who had made the arrest, and John at once appealed to him to know why he had been locked up.

"You are charged with stealing ten dollars," was the reply.

"Who makes the charge?" Mr. Colby asked.

"A stranger who is stopping at the White Horse," said the deputy. "His room was entered while he was out and some money stolen from it. An hour afterward John Graham came into the bar-room and offered a five dollar bill, which has been identified as part of the stolen money. Then he was arrested and searched and another five dollar bill was found in his pocket. He hadn't had so much money in a long while, and besides, the man who was robbed described both bills before he had seen them, so that there can be no doubt of the money having been his."

Poor John was dumbfounded at this information. Greatly excited, he declared that he had not stolen the money. He had a dim recollection of finding something in the road and going to the bar of the tavern with it and that was all.

"Whether you did or didn't take it," said the sheriff, kindly, "the case looks very black against you, and you're not likely to get out of here till it's cleared up."

"What the sheriff says is true," said Mr. Colby. "The case looks hard against you, but I don't believe you guilty, and we'll have the matter investigated at once. With all your faults in the way of drunkenness you've never yet been charged with stealing, and I'll go right off and see what can be done. Come, Dick, come with me, and we'll get to the bottom of this as soon as we can."

With some comforting words to the unhappy prisoner, Mr. Colby and Dick took their leave. Before going away Mr. Colby asked the jailor to see that John was well fed and made as comfortable as the place would admit, and he promised to pay any bills that might be incurred in so doing. The jail keeper said he would do anything the law permitted, and he thought they might hope to find the prisoner completely sobered in a few hours. He had dealt with many similar cases and knew just what to do.

For the rest of the day Mr. Colby was a very busy man, and before night he had pretty well solved the mystery, or enough of it to convince him of John Graham's innocence so far as the theft was concerned. The story of the stolen money was as follows:

The loser of the money was a cattle dealer who had arrived in town the day before with several hundred dollars in his possession. Part of it was in large bills which he carried about him, but there were fifty dollars in small bills, two fives and some one, two and three dollar bills which were so bulky that he left them in his valise. During his absence his room was entered, the lock of the valise broken, and the money taken. Very soon after the discovery of the loss, John entered the bar-room and offered the bill as the sheriff stated. Then followed the arrest, the search, and the incarceration. Identification of the money was less difficult than it would be at the present time, as the incident took place before the days of greenbacks and national banks.

A point in John's favor was that he had not been seen in the neighborhood of the tavern at the supposed time of the robbery. As nearly as Mr. Colby could ascertain, he was then at the other end of the village; two or three men said they had seen him there, though they were not absolutely certain as to the time. Mr. Colby also learned that another stranger whose business no one knew, and who had been but a single day at the tavern, had paid his bill and gone away half an hour before the discovery of the theft.

But on the other hand there was the money found in Graham's possession, and his inability to account for it other than to say he found it in the road. He could not say clearly in what part of the road it was, his brain having been clouded by the liquor he had previously taken. Had his memory been clear he could have greatly aided the effort to free him from suspicion.

Mr. Colby consulted Dr. Green and several others who were kindly disposed towards the unfortunate victim of the product of the distillery. Dick was sent home to comfort his mother, who was greatly excited over the new calamity that had fallen upon her, and the others worked with a will to clear up the mystery. Messengers were dispatched to the neighboring towns in the hope of getting some trace of the stranger who had disappeared at the time of the robbery; the cattle-dealer, whose sympathies were awakened in behalf of John when he learned his history, offered to withdraw the charge whenever Mr. Colby and the others could bring him any proof of the theft of the money by some one else, or fair grounds for believing that such was the case.

In the evening one of the messengers returned with evidence that went far in John's favor. One of the stolen bills had been offered and passsed in a neighboring town by a man answering to the description of the stranger who disappeared so suddenly from the White Horse; it was certain that John had not been there, and moreover the time was after the hour at which John was arrested. On learning this the cattle dealer said he would not push the case against John any further, for which he was earnestly thanked by all the latter's friends. Mr. Colby was for going at once to the jail and breaking the good news to the prisoner, but to the surprise of all the others Dr. Green said they need not be in no hurry about it.

"Why not?" queried Mr. Colby in a tone of astonishment.

"Because," said the doctor, "we want to turn this affair to John's good. Let him think over the matter to-night; the more he reflects upon it, the better for our purpose; and when we see him in the morning we won't tell him more than is necessary."

Then he went on to explain that he thought the incident could be used to bring about the reformation of the unfortunate man. "He will be thoroughly sobered in the morning," the doctor continued, "and in a suitable frame of mind to accept what we propose. We will secure his promise to stop drinking and in such a way that he'll be likely to keep it."

"How can we do that, Doctor?" said Mr. Colby. "What assurance have we that he he'll be likely to keep what he has broken so many times before?"

"We must proceed on a different plan," was the reply. "I have been studying his case and think the way is clear to secure his reformation."

Here the cattle dealer interposed and said he would modify his proposition. "I will withdraw my charge," said he, "and not call it up again so long as Mr. Graham lets rum alone."

"Thank you," said the Doctor, "that's exactly the way I wanted you to put it, but didn't like to make the suggestion."

He continued. "This is my plan: We'll tell John of the proposal of the loser of the money and this will give him strength to keep his resolution. Then we must exact from him another promise that he will not enter the bar-room of the White Horse or or any other bar-room until he has our permission, and that he will keep away from all his old companions in drunkenness. We'll find some employment for him where he will be out of their reach, and it will depend upon him to keep away from them.

"It is not enough that a man addicted to drinking should promise to reform; his promise will not be easy to keep if he is constantly surrounded by temptation. His associations must be such that he will have no opportunity or temptation to drink; he must have something to do, and his work should be among those who will constantly strengthen his resolution. I'll show you how we'll do it," said he cheerily, "and now let us go and see if John's family stands in need of anything."

Dr. Green and Mr. Colby proceeded to the house where Mrs. Graham and her children were anxiously waiting, and before they left it they had convinced her that the incident which had given her so much worry was likely to prove highly beneficial in the end. At any rate, there was good ground for hope.

CHAPTER VI.

STEPS FOR JOHN'S REFORMATION.

DR. GREEN succeeded in enlisting several of the best citizens in the effort to work a permanent reform in John Graham. One of them had a farm about half a mile from Graham's house, and arrangements were made for John to be employed there. His wages were to be paid to Mrs. Graham every month, and thus the support of the wife and children was secured. John was to live at home with his family, and his walk to and from the farm would not take him near either of the taverns which had done so much towards his ruin. He was not to be sent to the village on any errand; in fact, everything was to be done to keep him away from bad influences. No ardent spirits were used on the farm, nor was any person addicted to drink ever employed there. And now to secure John's adoption of the plan and his active cooperation was the next work of the good doctor.

When his two friends, Dr. Green and Mr. Colby, called to see him at the jail, John Graham was in a thoroughly repentant frame of mind, thoroughly sobered and ready for any good resolution. This was the report of the jail-keeper, and as the doctor entered he shook John by the hand and congratulated him on his improved appearance.

"I'm much better, Doctor," said John, "and if I could only get out of this place I'd be a great deal better yet."

"We're going to get you out to-day, I think," was the reply. "The man who lost the money will drop his charge against you on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you won't drink any more."

"I'll certainly promise that," said John, "and this time I'm going to keep my promise."

"But will you do exactly as your friends want you to do?"

"I will, I will," said John, with all the emphasis he could lay upon the word.

"Very well," answered the doctor. Then he sat down and told what he had planned in his behalf.

John cried like a child as the scheme was unfolded, which showed how much his friends were interested in his behalf, and what trouble they were taking to reform him. At his suggestion Dr. Green drew up an agreement which John signed in the presence of his friends, and as soon as the legal formalities could be taken for the withdrawal of the complaint the jail doors were opened and John walked out into the open air.

Never before had the skies seemed as bright, nor the air as pure, as when he stood beneath the one and breathed the other. He shuddered as he looked back at the massive walls of the jail and registered an inward vow that he would never again darken the doors of the building. He had sometimes wondered how it would seem to be locked up there, but now his curiosity was gratified. He knew the feeling and wanted no more of it.

Dr. Green and Mr. Colby went with him to the door of his house, and then withdrew, saying they would call in half an hour. Of the scene within the house when husband and wife met, we have no account, but may be sure it was a tearful one. John cried for sorrow and Mary for joy; and as for the children, Dick cried as did his mother, and the younger ones, who did not exactly understand the situation, cried because the rest cried.

It was nearly an hour before the doctor and Mr. Colby came back. When they did so they found John quite composed and ready for any further directions they wished to give.

"Now," said the doctor, "everything is settled and you're to begin work at the farm to-morrow morning. Breakfast with your family, take dinner at the farm, and eat supper when you come home with your family again." Then the whole plan was gone over carefully, including the payment of the wages to Mary at the end of every month, and the stipulation not to go near either of the taverns, or any other place where liquor was sold.

"You must remember, John," said the doctor, "that all we have done will be of no use if you ever allow yourself to step out of the path we have marked for you. It may seem severe, but have a battle to fight with yourself and for yourself; you will have a craving for drink which will be hard to resist and impossible for you to resist if you are in the tavern or even in its neighborhood. Whenever you feel the desire for a drink you must work all the harder, and if necessary lock yourself up, or rather get somebody to lock you up till the desire has gone.

"You must have confidence in yourself, and at the same time have no confidence at all. Be confident that you can and will overcome your tendency to drink and at the same time never believe that you have overcome it sufficiently to enable you to take a single drop of liquor. Many a man has fallen from too much confidence and a determination to prove to others that he had finally triumphed over himself and his weaknesses.

"You have two kinds of disease to fight against, a mental and a physical one. The mind and the body will both crave stimulant, and when they do keep your thoughts upon something else if possible and engage your body in active work. With a sincere desire for reformation you can accomplish it, but you must expect that all through your whole life you will be troubled at times with a longing for drink. The firm resolution that you have made to-day never to touch another drop of liquor must always be before you, and whenever temptation comes in your way do not hesitate a moment—don't stop even to look it in the face, but run from it at once.

"Your only safety is in absolute abstinence from everything that can intoxicate. Not only must you shun ardent spirits, but you must leave beer, wine, cider and all other mild beverages alone. Even if they fail to intoxicate, as some people claim, they keep up the taste for alcohol, which is what you wish to be rid of as soon as possible. I'm not at all prepared to admit that these mild drinks are not intoxicating, as I've seen men under their influence, and very much so too."

There were other words of cheer and advice in the little 'temperance speech,' as he called it, which the doctor delivered to John before leaving him. That the latter appreciated it was shown by the tears that rolled down his cheeks and choked his utterance as his benefactors rose to leave.

The next morning John was early at the farm and went to work with a will. Mindful of Dr. Green's advice, he ate as heartily as he could at every meal, though at first he had little appetite, but by working industriously he compelled his body to crave food, and day by day his appetite increased. At the end of a month he was in better health than he had been for a long time; the 'rum color' began to disappear from his face and in its place there came the ruddy tint of health derived from industry in the open air, good food and an absence of all stimulants. As he observed the change in his complexion his curiosity was aroused and he one day asked Dr. Green what was the reason that the abuse of alcohol was sure to show itself in the face.

"That question occurred to me some time ago," replied the doctor, "and so I've been looking it up. When you used to take a drink you felt a glow through your whole body, did you not?"

"Yes," answered John, his face flushing at the recollection of the many times the sensation mentioned by the doctor had occurred to him.

"Now," said the doctor, "that glow is caused by the increased flow of blood through the veins from the stimulus of the alcohol. Exactly the same thing occurs in blushing; the blood vessels are swollen by the quickening of the blood, which passes away as soon as the cause of the blush is over. If a few drops of alcohol and no more were taken, the swelling of the veins would pass away exactly as the blush does. The continued action of the alcohol taken by the drunkard or even by an occasional drinker keeps the veins swollen so much that finally the blood is congested in them and does not go away at all, even when he is not under the influence of liquor."

"Then I can't expect my face to get quite back to its old color for a long time, can I?" queried John, anxiously.

"No you cannot," the doctor answered. "As it will take a long time to free your system from the effects of alcohol, so it will not be easy to eradicate the marks of it from your face. You must bear them for a long while yet."

"Well, perhaps that's the best way after all," said John philosophically. "As long as I bear the mark I shall be less likely to feel that I may take another drink with safety."

"I think," said the doctor, "that if every young man who is beginning to drink would contemplate his face in a looking-glass, compare it with that of any confirmed drunkard whom he knows, and realize that he will certainly have a similar face upon him, in the course of a few years, a great many would stick to temperance as the surest means of preserving their personal appearance. Vanity is an attribute of the whole human race, without regard to sex or nationality."

John's next inquiry was in regard to the theory of the doctor that drunkenness was a disease and could be cured.

"Certainly it is a disease," the doctor replied, "and we must attack it just as we would attack any other disease that can be controlled by medical science. It can be classed with asthma, rheumatism, malaria, and consumption. For every one of these diseases the principal treatment is to make a change of surroundings, diet and habits. We send the asthmatic or malarial patient to a locality suited to him; the asthmatic must go to a region where the air is dry and light, and the malarial patient must seek his residence where fever germs do not abound in the air. Rheumatism is often cured by the simple expedient of going from a damp climate to a dry one; and the same is the case with consumption in its early stages. Just so you must deal with alcoholism; change the surroundings and associations, remove temptation, and take away the alcoholic atmosphere altogether. Change from a wet climate to a dry one; from the "wet" of the bar-room and those who frequent it to the "dry" of the home circle where drink is unknown.

"Alcoholism further resembles those diseases," the doctor continued, "in the fact that the earlier the cure is undertaken the greater will be the hope of success. If the consumptive waits till his lungs are half or two-thirds destroyed before he goes to a dry climate he has small chance of recovery, while if he moves in the early stages he will pretty surely get out of his difficulties and have an excellent chance for a long life, supposing always that he has no other organic disease. The same may be said of asthma, malaria and rheumatism, and most emphatically I say it of the disease which comes from drink."

TO BE CONTINUED.

How Uncle Abe Danced.

General Singleton, of Quincy, Ill., who was one of the bright young lawyers of Springfield when Abraham Lincoln was a green youth there, tells this story, which we believe has never been printed before. The bevy of bright young ladies to which Miss Todd belonged before her marriage to Mr. Lincoln used to have a good deal of sport at this awkward young man's expense. One evening at a little party Mr. Lincoln approached Miss Todd and said, in his peculiar idiom:

"Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way."

The young lady accepted the inevitable, and hobbled around the room with him. When Miss Todd had returned to her seat, one of her mischievous companions said:

"Well, Mary, did he dance with you the worst way?"

"Yes," she answered; "the very worst."—[Washington Post.

Going With Mamma.

Mamma (to Harry, who has been troubling the parrot)—You must be a better boy, Harry, or you won't go to heaven when you die.

Harry—I don't want to go to heaven, mamma. I want to go with you.—[Town Talk.

Uncertain.

Good Man (to street hoodlum)—My son, don't you think you would be a happier, better and more useful boy if you would become a member of our Sunday school?

Hoodlum (evidently touched)—Going to have a Christmas tree this year?—[Chicago Tribune.

Poetry.

ROSA MYSTICA.

Tread lightly, she is near,
Under the snow;
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin board, heavy stone
Lie on her breast:
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet:
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

—OSCAR WILDE, in the Washington Evening Capital.

THE FIRST SNOW OF WINTER.

'Tis the first snow of winter
That comes with the blast,
But this thought is uppermost;
Would 'twere the last.

The widow, the orphan,
The homeless are sad,
And none but coal barons
Are happy and glad.

The ice-cream sign's hidden
Away on the shelf,
But the oyster stew placard
Is humping itself.

The boys o'er the mill pond
Will presently glide,
And the festive toboggan
We gayly will slide.

—[Chicago Herald.

ONLY A RELIC DIMM'D WITH TEARS.

Aye, only a relic dimmed with tears,
The winter day is dying,
And memories of youth's loving years
Come with the night wind's sighing.
A token of love of bygone days,
When life was bright, unsullied;
The thought of one whom the lover stays;
The golden dreams have faded.

In the mist of swift-advancing years
The dreams of youth are hidden;
The relic is dimm'd with bitter tears—
The tears which come unbidden.
But the world is short—time quickly flies—
And heavy tears of sorrow
Will be forgotten 'neath the skies
Of that blest day—to-morrow.

—[Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Bazar.

A PETERTOWN PROPOSAL.

Hank Had a Mighty Hard Time in Getting His Susie to Say "Yes."

Time.

Miss Susie Tansy—Do you know what time it is, Hank Stoner?

Hank Stoner—No, nor I don't care.

"Oh, you don't? Well it's time all good little boys were at home and in bed."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, I do, Smarty, and you'd better be going?"

"I'll go when I git ready."

"Sass-box."

"Say, Susie."

"Say it yourself, while your mouth's open."

"Pshaw, how, Susie; I'm in earnest."

"Well, what am I doing?"

"You know what; you know I been going with you a long time, Suse."

"Pugh! what if you have? Guess I never asked you to go with me, and—11 o'clock! you going to stay here all night?"

"Pshaw, Sue! you're tickled enough to have me stay, and you know it!"

"A-a-a-w, Hank Stoner! As though I care whether you go or stay—pugh!"

"Oh, I guess I ain't such a fool as I look, But say, Susie."

"Well, say it, then, you ninny! My land o' rest, I ain't hinderin' you."

"You are, too."

"Tee, hee, hee, hee!

"Honest Injun, now Susie; I'm in dead earnest. I ain't been your shadder six months for nothin'."

"My shadder! La, Hank!"

"You know I ain't."

"How should I know. I ain't a witch."

"You act like one."

"You're polite, I must say!"

"I meant it as a compliment."

"Smart compliment."

"I think the world and all of you, Susie."

"La, Hank!"

"I ain't foolin'."

"Tee, hee, hee, hee!"

"Did you ever happen to think that you and me was old enough and big enough to git married?"

"P-o-o-h, Hank!"

"We air. I ain't thought of much else of late."

"You redickerlus thing!"

"Well, I ain't. You like me purty well, don't you?"

"I'd be smart to say so if I did."

"Well, you might when we're going to git married."

"Who said we were going to git married? It takes two to make a bargain, Mr. Smarty."

"But you will, won't you, Susie?"

"I'll think about it."

"Pshaw, Susie; why can't you say 'yes' right out?"

"Oh, you're too anxious, and—let go my hand!"

"I shan't."

"You mean thing! I've a notion to—the idea of you putting your arm around my waist like that, and—now, you dare to kiss me again! What if pa or ma should come in?"

"Pooh! They're in bed, where they'd ought to be!"

"Nice way to talk about my pa and ma. It's a good thing for you they are in bed!"

"Yes, I think so myself; I'd rather have 'em there than here."

"Tee, hee, hee! You mean thing!"

"Come, now, Susie, say yes. I love you like all-possessed!"

"Aw, Hank! Take your mouth away from my cheek—g'way!"

"Say 'yes' first."

"Well—if I must—yes."

"Hooray!"

"Shut up! Good Heavens! You want to raise the dead?"

"I'm so happy, Suse!"

"Well, don't go crazy if you are—goose!"

The Fiend of the Car.

About the middle of the car was a lady and a boy about 5 years of age, evidently mother and son. The train had scarcely moved out of the depot before the boy began to "cut up," running up and down the aisle and making remarks to passengers. The mother called to him several times and finally said:

"James, I shall certainly tell your father."

"How can you when he's run away and nobody knows where he is?" replied the boy.

This settled the mother for a time, but when the boy sought to raise a window she leaned forward and said:

"James, I shall surely punish you."

"If you do I'll tell that a policeman arrested grandpa," he retorted.

She let him alone for another interval, but as he began to worry a bird in a cage, which one of the passengers was transporting, she sternly said:

"James, come here!"

"Not now."

"Right off! You are a bad boy, and I shan't let you come with me again."

"Yes, you will."

"No I won't."

"Then I'll tell that the reason papa ran away is because Mr. Davis came to our house so much!"

This prostrated the mother, and she began to read, and had nothing further to say, while the boy roamed up and down the car unchecked until he finally fell asleep on a vacant seat. He had one more shot in reserve, however. As he lay down he called out:

"Say, mamma, wake me up when we get to grandma's. I want to hear her swear and take on because papa turned her out doors last summer!"—[New York Sun.

Stumped.

First Little Boy—My pop's a Methodist; what's yours?

Second Little Boy—Mine is a theosophist.

"Theosopeist? What's that?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you ask your pop?"

"I did, but from the way he looked I guess he doesn't know either.—[New York Weekly.

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

Copyright 1889, by the Toledo Blade Co. All rights reserved.

The Demagogue

BY

D R Locke

D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. MASON PREPARES HIS FORCES FOR ANOTHER CAMPAIGN.

FACED by the necessity of paying over the money he had obtained from Farmer Dunlap, Caleb Mason found here a new factor of uneasiness. He inwardly raged at Gleason—first, because that gentleman had overreached him; and second, from a feeling that it was unjust that he should be required to yield up so large a sum, at a time when it was particularly inconvenient for him to do so. It is a strange characteristic of the criminal that he is impressed with the feeling that he is, after all, not a whit worse than the remainder of the world; that his ill gotten property was obtained by means really not much, if any, worse than those by which other men acquire their gains—merchants and speculators, for instance; and Caleb Mason really felt so with regard to the Dunlap money. As toward Gleason, his feeling was a singular mixture of dislike, resentment and admiration. He admired the patient persistence of the man in piecing together the receipt; and disliked him for the steady enmity, lasting through so many years, which was thus exhibited.

Mason resolutely set himself to work to lay his plans for the future. The situation was one which called forth all his powers. His financial affairs were now involved heavily, for the notes which he had given Gleason must be met; the money must be raised. But much of his means was locked up in real estate investments—either singly or in connection with the Harveys—and the fact that it was not all paid for, but was mortgaged for part of the purchase price, added to the perplexity of the situation.

Nor was his political sky much clearer than his financial firmament. There was strenuous opposition to him in his own party, while the Democrats of course hated him with an exceeding strong hatred. Those of us who have arrived on the stage of action since the war can not realize the intensity of political feeling exhibited during that time; and in Ohio it was, if possible, more bitter than anywhere else. And with the war now over, the soldiers returned home, precluding any possibility of repeating the trick which had secured his last election, he had good cause to give the situation careful consideration.

Every public man who has championed any great reform ought to die before he is fifty—that is, if he desires to save his reputation and transmit any sort of a name to posterity. If he passes that age, the chances are very great that he will wreck his good ship upon the shoals of other men's selfishness, guided thereon by his own mistakes and folly.

Very few public men have lived, in this or any other country, who have not, in their age, smirched the records of their youth.

The first anti-slavery men who had added to their convictions some spice of personal ambition all went to pieces. Seward, Chase and Sumner, the three great men of the early movement, all yielded to the inevitable law, and died out of favor with the party which they had made, and which had made them. And there is a reason for it, which possibly a miracle of a man might overcome, but to which ordinary flesh and blood always succumbs. Seward and Chase had given the best years of their early lives to the upbuilding of public sentiment against slavery; but when the sentiment that they had fostered had become strong enough to elect a president, they were shoved out of the way because they had been too prominent in the cause, and Lincoln, who only a few years before had voted for the fugitive slave law, was nominated and elected. They had kindled a fire, fed it and fanned it, and when it became great enough, other men came and warmed themselves at its blaze.

No one but a philosopher, or a young man with blood in his veins, could endure all this injustice, and say nothing. A philosopher never wants anything for himself, but is entirely satisfied with the success of the cause for which he has been striving, and is perfectly willing that others should reap the reward of his labors. Likewise a young man would brook one injustice or a dozen, and depend upon time righting him; but an old man cannot do it. When a man strikes fifty, his chances are narrowed down to the one; and losing that one, he becomes soured and misanthropic, and takes delight in tearing down the temple that he has reared, determined that if he cannot repose within its portals, no one else shall. But very few public men have been able to end their careers in a manner worthy of their beginning. The history is alike in all.

Caleb Mason had made the Republican party of his district, and he had no idea of turning over the emoluments, the practical result, of his work to anybody. He had determined to always reap where he had sown, and that when he should relinquish his seat in Congress, it should be to go higher. He had but one way; if an adherent wanted a lower place, he got it if he was worth it; if not, and he persisted in asking, he was summarily killed. Many a man who wanted a place found himself very dead before the public, and could never see who had dealt the blow.

So Mr. Mason looked carefully over the field, marked out the new men who had come into it, especially among the returned soldier element, which was nearly all Republican, and which therefore required the most attention. And he made up his mind that these were the men who were to have the offices the next deal, no matter how many of his old adherents should have to go to the wall. He rightly foresaw that the soldier element was to be the dominating one of the Republican party, and he proposed no less a task than its solidification in its own favor.

There was but one way to do this. He must prove during the next session that he was their friend; and what could be done that would the better show this than to make himself active in securing pensions to those who were entitled to them under existing laws; and if there were any exceptional cases needing special legislation, to secure its passage? So important did this work appear to Mr. Mason that he at once set about obtaining information as to prospective pensioners, and the most of his time during the remainder of that summer and fall was devoted to this laudable work.

Meanwhile there were very happy times at the old Dunlap homestead. The $10,000 which Mason had paid over was at once paid as the first installment on the Allen farm, and Sarah became its possessor. The three months of the engagement passed swiftly and pleasantly away. Gleason was very busy. He energetically pushed his law business, and devoted his little spare time to the fitting up of a neat residence in town. The wedding was a very quiet one, and after a brief bridal trip Mr. and Mrs. Gleason took possession of their home, and became residents of Pulaski.

"Sam," said Major Starkweather one day as he met the young man, "what on earth are you workin' so hard at your purfession for? You've got no need of doin' it."

Gleason curtly replied: "I have my way to make in the world, Major, and I cannot afford to be idle. As for the need, there is certainly as much now as there ever was."

"Huh!" snorted the old man, "if I had a wife as well fixed as yours, I don't think I'd worry much about need. You've got two good farms, and I expect a snug pot of money besides. I don't see as there's any reason you should dig at the law, Sam."

"Well, Major Starkweather," returned Gleason, "we differ as to that. I did not marry my wife in order to be supported. I am able to provide for us both, and I shall endeavor to do so, the same as I should had she possessed nothing."

"Huh!" again snorted the old man, as he proceeded on his way to his favorite saloon, where, between drinks, he animadverted on the foolishness of Gleason in "workin' like a nigger" when he had a wealthy wife. If on the contrary, Gleason had abandoned his practice to take his ease upon his wife's wealth, Major Starkweather would have been the first to declaim loud and long upon such a lack of independence, and to declare his abhorrence of a man who married simply for money. There are a great many Major Starkweathers in this world of ours.

Dr. Blanchard found the Gleason family a very agreeable addition to the social circle of Pulaski in which he moved. He had always had a sincere liking for Sarah Dunlap, and now that she had become Mrs. Gleason, his regard was in no wise diminished; while their common cause against Mason had established a firm friendship between him and Gleason. It so happened, however, that it was not till after his marriage that Gleason related to the doctor the completion of the restoration of the receipt and the recovery of the money from Mason.

It came about one evening during a call of Dr. Blanchard's upon the young couple. Mrs. Gleason was suffering from a headache, and had gone to her room, leaving the two gentlemen alone; and Gleason, deeming the opportunity a good one, related the story.

Blanchard was deeply interested. "I am glad you have done it. Of course it was your duty to recover the money, as you were the agent for the Dunlap estate. Still, I can but regret that the receipt is no longer available to be used as proof of Mason's direct interest in the death of his benefactor."

"When are you going to spring that upon him? How long are you going to let him hold his head up among honest men, Doctor?"

"That I can not tell. It now seems to me that, having kept the secret so long, I must wait until an opportunity offers itself. It would not look well for me to suddenly start out—to-morrow for instance—and accuse Mason of the murder of Farmer Dunlap. Perhaps the next political campaign will show the way. Whenever circumstances work together to admit of it, I shall come forward and make the disclosure."

So things went on—smoothly and happily for Gleason and his wife, while to Mason they were filled with political schemes and hard work. The six months passed, and the first $15,000 note became due. Mason had called on Crefeld, but the banker was obstinate. He declared that he could not let Mason have that sum, in addition to the $10,000 he had already obtained—that it would cripple the bank's resources too greatly.

Mr. Harvey, the elder, knew of all Mason's political and business schemes that had been set on foot or carried through since the latter had married his daughter; but Mason had never let him know of the money he had obtained from Farmer Dunlap. He was in no mood to put his neck in a noose and give the end of the rope into Harvey's hands; consequently he had concealed from the elder Harvey the fact of his being indebted to Gleason, and having given notes with mortgage security, for payment; for the old man would at once have demanded to know the particulars, and these Mason would not give. So, when he applied to Crefeld for the $15,000, he stipulated that Mr. Harvey was to know nothing about it.

It was perhaps this request that made Crefeld bold enough to refuse the loan in such positive terms that Mason was fain to turn elsewhere. Fortunately at this juncture he had an offer for a piece of real estate, at a figure that would cover his own investment and afford him good interest; and he promptly closed with the offer, thus obtaining, by one lucky stroke, the means to pay the note when due.

The next session of Congress opened a few days thereafter, and Mason made himself extremely energetic in the work of obtaining pensions. He had a long list of the names of the soldiers of his district, including every one who had a pension application pending; those who were entitled to pensions but had not yet applied, it not having occurred to most of them that they had any claim of the sort on the government; and those who, from one cause or another, did not come under the pension laws, but who were assumed to have good reasons for asking Congress, by special act, to place them upon the rolls. Every man of these received a personal letter from Mason, of the most cordial character, sympathizing with him, and offering his services to forward his case in any manner possible.

The result was as he had expected. Almost to a man they jumped at the offer; and Mason labored so effectually yet quietly that there was quite a shower of pension grants descended upon his district, with the result that he had in every township several of these pensioners, who were his devoted henchmen, and who used their influence in his behalf with their friends and fellow-soldiers. So quietly was his work done, however, that his enemies did not note it—or if they did so, did not realize what it would mean when the Congressional campaign should come on the next fall.

By the time the second note became due, Mason had realized on some town lots he held, which brought him in $4,000; the balance he brought with him from Washington, in crisp new Treasury notes—which notes, by the way, had been handed him one night in the privacy of his own room, by a notorious lobbyist, a few hours after a hot contest over a certain railroad bill had resulted in its passage in the House by a majority of only three votes. Mr. Mason made a three-minute speech in explanation of his vote, which was a model. No plea for the bill could have been more clear and convincing, and there was probably not one of his fellow-members, whether favoring or opposing the bill, who did not understand Mason to be thoroughly sincere in his vote and support of the measure.

Sincere! No doubt he was sincere, for he had twelve thousand reasons for being so; the sum of $12,000 for a three-minute speech, with a vote thrown in for good measure, had been enough to make better men than Caleb Mason sincere.

But the payment of these sums had left Caleb Mason seriously embarrassed financially, with the Congressional campaign coming on apace, and the certainty that it would take a large sum of money, for Mr. Mason's tactics always required money for their perfect carrying out. The last note—that for over $13,000—would be due just a short time before the election, and that must be met also.

After considering the matter in all its bearings, Mr. Mason walked down to Crefeld & Co.'s bank one afternoon, so as to reach the establishment just at closing time, that his conversation might not be interrupted. He found the head of the firm in his private office, as usual. He was a forbidding-looking man when his countenance was in repose. His face was large and flabby, with dark, oily skin; his coarse, black hair, somewhat thinning on top of his head, stood up like a thorny hedge; his heavy brows bristled over two cavernous eyes; he had a pronounced Roman, or rather Jewish, nose, hooked at the end; his lips were thick, and he

"HOLY MOSES, BUT THIS WON'T DO!"

twisted them into an oily smile as he rose at Mason's entrance and offered the latter his hand, the fingers of which looked like bird's talons, for he held them half closed, as if they were hooks.

Altogether, Crefeld reminded one of a great black bird of prey, ready to swoop down upon whatever luckless living thing he was powerful enough to carry off; and this resemblance was much heightened by his habit of lifting his shoulders toward his ears, as a vulture lifts its wings when preparing to leave its perch. And there was a general likeness about his surroundings that intensified the idea. The desk was a clumsy, square built piece of furniture that gave one the feeling that it somehow resembled a jail. The paper on the wall was a heavy block figure, intended to imitate stone, and the room was about as cheerful as a prison cell, and looked like one.

Mason effected not to see Crefeld's offered hand, but unceremoniously took a chair. After a few words of greeting had passed, he turned to the banker:

"Crefeld, I called to have a talk with you. The Congressional campaign is coming on, and it will require a great deal of money. Unfortunately, my means are largely invested in real estate, as you know; and to sell now would be to sacrifice the property. It is not necessary, I think, to do that."

Crefeld of course knew what this meant. He lifted his hand deprecatingly, and began, "Vy, Mishter Mason, if you can——"

Mason interrupted him sharply. "Did not I say I do not wish to sell at the price I would have to accept? Nor is it necessary that I should. I shall ask you to advance me what money I need, for which I will give you my individual note, of course."

"But, Mishter Mason——" began Crefeld, again raising his hand.

"There is no 'but' about it this time," again interrupted Mason. "I will need not less than $25,000. Of this, I will not need but $5,000 soon; two weeks from to-day will do. The balance I must have on ——" and he named a date.

"Fadder Abraham!" excitedly began Crefeld, his right arm lifted and extended, the talon-like fingers bent, and looking still more like a bird of prey. "Vy, Mishter Mason, we can't do it. We are carrying too much paper this summer to do that! It is no use of talking about it, I say! for——"

"I know there is no use talking about it, Crefeld," returned Mason; "I have been telling you that. I must have the money, and I want you to spare me your protests and expostulations, as I have often remarked before. There is no need of them. Have the money at the dates I gave you, and without fail."

Crefeld had kept his claw-like hand in air, waiting for Mason to conclude. Here he broke in with:

"Holy Moses, Mishter Mason, but this won't do! You are going is too deep! We can't stand such a demand!"

"Why? Is it

Recent Literature.

THE LATEST ISSUES.

What the Publishers Are Doing These December Days.

THE BLADE has received from Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, New York city, the following: "Emmanuel, a story of the Messiah," a romance of the days of Christ, by Wm. Forbes Cooley; "Battle-Fields of '61," a history, beautifully illustrated, of the first year of the rebellion, by Miles J. Abbott; "Golden Days of '49," an illustrated story of the discovery of gold in California; "Life of John Davis," the navigator who discovered Davis's strait, by Clements R. Markham; "Life's Long Battle Won," an excellent story, by Edward Garrett; "Taken Alive, and Other Stories," by the late E. P. Roe, the novelist; a magnificently illustrated translation of Ludovic Halevy's "The Abbe Constantin," and "The Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J.," edited by Marion Harland.

G. P. Putman's Sons, publishers, New York city, send us "The Story of Early Britain," by Alfred J. Church, the latest of their series of "The Story of the Nations;" "Life," by James Platt, a discussion of the factors which makes life worth living; "Liberty and a Living," by Philip G. Hubert, jr., a record of the author's maintaining himself by gardening, fishing and hunting; "Franklin's Autobiography," a little gem, one of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets;" Mechie, and "A Far Look Ahead," paper—a forecast of humanity's future.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, we have "A History of Charles the Great" (Charlemagne), by J. J. Mombert, a thoroughly good historical volume.

G. W. Dillingham, New York, sends "Our Book," by Washington Frothingham and Charlemagne Tower,—a volume of newspaper articles of permanent value; and "Mozu," by Vera Zarovitch—the book from which, it is charged, Bellamy got his idea of "Looking Backward."

White & Allen, New York, send a superb illustrated edition of the old English ballad, "Sally in Our Alley."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, send "New England Girlhood," by Lucy Larcom —a story from her own early days; and "Asolando," by Robert Browning—the last volume of poems from his pen.

Macmillan & Co., New York (and London) send "Walpole," by John Morley, the last issue of their series of "Twelve English Statesmen."

THE AMERICAN GIRL

As Seen Through French Eyes—Max O'Rell's Lecture.

THAT funny little Frenchman, known as Max O'Rell, spent six months in the United States and now he is lecturing in England, giving his impressions of America. As showing how thoroughly he has sized up our institutions, the following extract from his lecture is given:

Max O'Rell then proceeded to describe the American girl. From the age of 18, the American girl was allowed almost every liberty; she took the rest. (Laughter.) She traveled alone, she had a reception day and a reception room, and visited and received whom she liked. If at the house she saw a young fellow who took her fancy, she would say, "I am at home on Wednesday. Call and see me." He spoke now of the great bulk of the American nation. Nowadays, the young fellow might leave tickets for the theater. Theaters and oysters were very cheap in America; also English books, which were stolen—(laughter)—but, worse than that, French books were translated into American. (Laughter.) The young fellow would take the girl to the theater. After the theater he would take her to a respectable restaurant and order a sort of cold lunch, and if he should order half a bottle of champagne, she would probably ask him what he was going to drink. (Laughter.) Then he would take her home —she had her own latch key. (Laughter.) To show that these did not lead to bad nights was testimony, for in the course of these two would meet in a few days, and the young girl would come to the young man and say, "I want to introduce you to a friend of mine. May I ask you for your name?" (Laughter.) The American woman was tired of the old European formula—a woman cannot do this, she cannot do that, it is improper for her to do this. Oh, but, said the American woman, I will make it proper; I will make precedents. He was not quite sure that it was not for the women to make the law in these matters. He would tell them why the American woman could not be so free. It was because no one in the day, but at nighttime, even in the largest cities, even on Saturday nights, the streets were respectable. (Hear, hear.) It was the respect which women inspired in all men which enabled young women there to have such freedom. He could not say, however, that he ever saw in the American women any gratitude for what they received from the men. (Laughter.)

Fashions For Men.

Clothier and Furnisher.

Yes, embroidered shirts are selling.

Purchase the largest black China silk handkerchief you can find, and you have the very best available muffler.

There is nothing new either in the shape or pattern of trousers. They are cut in a reasonably loose width, and the quiet herringbone combinations still have the preference.

Double-breasted sack suits in solid colors and mixtures and in round cutaway from the lower buttons and the straight-abouts are all in high favor.

There is yet an increasing demand for men's waterproof garments, the big enveloping cape coats being the most sought for.

Remember that no matter how erratic the fold or how the scarfpin is inserted, the head of the pin must finally fall in the centre of the scarf.

The tendency is growing toward the tieable scarfs; knowledge of the various folds is being diffused, and the buyers are showing an inclination for better and higher priced goods.

The made up neckwear partakes of the current artistic evolution, and the big puff scarfs are bigger and handsomer than ever.

A Cannon Shot Phonographed.

Paris Correspondent Spirit of the Times.

A great many had waited till the last day before ascending the Eiffel Tower, and this was crowded also, but the elevators to the second and third platforms were stopped at 6 and those on the first platform at 8 p. m. Those who ascended on that day report that the crowd present covered fully two-thirds of the whole grounds, near the dome central, and the luminous fountains especially. But the funniest incident on the tower was the cannon shooting in the phonograph. M. Eiffel had invited about fifty friends, supper was served, and then Mme. Aldiny and Mr. Melchisedec, of the grand opera, sang in the phonograph; MM. Bertholier, violin soloist; Taffanel, flutist, and Turtan, clarionette solo, poured the melody of their instruments into the same. Each one modified a few words to its care, and Melchisedec sang the Marseillaise into it. Then M. Eiffel phonographed to Mr. Edison that the last cannon shot from the Eiffel Tower was about being registered on the instrument in his honor, and, in fact, at 10:30 p. m., boom went the cannon, which boum, (not General Boum) was duly phonographed.

To Replace Leather.

A little paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers concerning a German invention to replace leather soles for shoes. It consists of a number of spiral springs of steel wire matted together, the interstices filled with gutta percha and vulcanized rubber. It is absolutely water proof, warm and indestructible. Since the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, since the time, in fact, when the first article of history is seen, man has worn leather to protect his feet. He has scarcely tried anything else. The only substitutes that have ever been used are the wooden shoes of the French and German peasants and the rubber overshoes of the present day in America. It will be a revolution of the most radical kind if invention were to do away with the necessity of leather for foot wear.

Not a Compliment.

Husband—Well, I have just paid that bill of the minister's for marrying us.

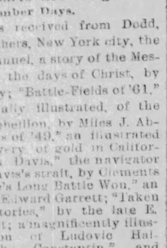
Wife—Oh, John, I'm so glad it's out of the way.

Husband—Yes, so am I. If there is anything I hate to pay for it is dead horses. —[Rochester Post-Express.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.

ROMANCE OF THE HUSKING.

High Fun at a Vermont Husking Bee—Finding the Red Ear.



OVER the dun, barren fields, through the rustling golden glory of fallen leaves, and beneath the soft splendor of the late October moon the country lads and lasses hasten to the huskings with swift and willing steps. One, two, and even three miles they walk, for who would ride when the jolliest part of the whole proceeding is the walk home with your best girl after it is over, and the lingering good night at the gate? The yellow corn shocks are piled high against the old barn walls. High up in a corner of the peaked roof is fastened a wreath of cedars, where never a girl would dream one would be hung, and if any unsuspecting maiden ventures unconsciously beneath it, or is inveigled by some mischievous youth into its vicinity, she pays a mistletoe-bough penalty to whatever swain is quickest at her side.

How the wee, glad voices ring through the rustling of the dry stalks as swift brown fingers strip the husks away and toss the ears over their shoulders into golden, glowing heaps, which the men carry away in baskets! What a shout and mad chase when the red ear is found, and the fleet-footed finder runs from her pursuers, brandishing it aloft, and now graciously and sweetly, when the race is over, she lifts her moist, warm lips to the swiftest runner in a kiss that is a kiss, with a smack to it that you can almost taste yourself, the other side of the room!

And when the work is done how quickly room is made for the long table, improvised out of barrels and boards, where jugs of cider, heaped-up plates of brown doughnuts, great quare tins of pumpkin pies, and pyles of red and yellow apples are placed, while crazy seats of cornstalks accommodate the guests, who are served from the plenteous store!

Once it is dispatched, men and maidens alike help to clear the floor, the fiddler mounts a rickety platform, and all join in the old-fashioned country dances with the joyous abandon of children until the moonbeams got tangled in the treetops, and warn them that it is time to pair off, like birds in May, and start on the long walk home.

But of all the frolics Farmer Jenkins's husking bee the other night was the rollickingest, jolliest, merriest, and gayest. In the first place, the farmer has the biggest barn and the best cider and the prettiest daughter in the whole township, and, in the second place, his wife makes the sweetest doughnuts and the thickest pumpkin pies and the richest molasses cake of any one near here. And, in addition to all these attractions, a pretty little romance was brought to a charming finale in a most original and quaint manner just before the husking was done.

Janie Jenkins is the most bewitching bundle of wilful womanhood, with delicious, demure little ways that win your heart, but with a certain still proud dignity that commands your respect. Even in her childhood's merry games of forfeits or during the more indelicate pressures to claim his rightful kiss from Janie, for she didn't believe in kissing and nonsense and would have none of it, but she was a blythe, brave, bonny little maiden, who knew how to steer her own sled down the sparkling snow crust in winter and sail her own crazy skiff over the waves in summer, and thought no more of going out in the pasture to catch and mount the vixenish, provender mare she would persist in riding (though not a man in the place could handle her) than other girls think of picking a bouquet of roses for their corsage.

Every one felt a little bit of awe in Janie's presence, even the old biddies. But there was one person who wasn't afraid of Miss Janie, and that was Harrison Wilkins, whose mother's farm joined her father's, and who took one of her little tempestuous rides the first journey she ever made in this world, when she was six weeks and he was six years old. Perhaps it was the care that his father's death brought to him as a child that developed his strength and firmness and fearlessness; perhaps it was only the dignity of his great love for Janie that made him so manly. The day he found the little kitten he told her not to cry, for she would be his little wife some day; and when she indignantly lisped her vow never, never to be anybody's wife, he only laughed and said, "That's all right, Janie, for now, but you'll change your mind some day."

Every one in town thought Janie and Harrison were to be married—that is every one but Janie—when there came upon the scene Adolphus Comstock from a distant city, who was the son of her father's oldest friend. He came for the fishing and the sketching, but he stayed for something else.

He knew women only through the conventional formal medium of society. He cared more for his pointers than for his sister's chattering friends; for a trout brook, his rod and flies than any moonlight excursion or picnic with a galaxy of pretty girls who must be waltzed with and talked with. But Janie knew the favorite haunts of the speckled beauties herself, and could give him points on the fishing question beside. Harrison had taught her. She could pull her skiff steadily and still to where schools of bass hid in the cool waters of the lake, and land the gamiest of them without a scream. He liked the proud reserve with which this little rural beauty met his advances, the pretty scornful curl of the red lips at his finest compliments, and the haughty poise of the small head as her eyes flashed charming negatives to his proposals. He fancied what a wonder she would be, once she learned her power; what a queenly beauty in the apparel which his wealth could give her; what a strong tender woman, once her spirit were broken and her heart melted.

Harrison looked on grimly at all this wooing, ground his teeth sometimes as she rode by with the handsome stranger on the horse he taught her how to ride, but always smiled at last in confident content, and said to himself: "She will flirt with that city chap to the end of the chapter, but she will be my wife at last." He told her so the day of the husking, when he was helping her fasten the cedar festoons. Her face was temptingly near his as she raised it to lift to him some more of the greens, and they were just beneath the kissing wreath, too, but when he would have claimed his just and lawful dues, she stopped him with a pretty protesting "please," and as she turned her flushed face away he could see the full white throat quiver a little as with a sudden contraction, and her lips trembled strangely. They were all alone in the big, fragrant place just for a minute, and he stooped suddenly and caught her with a noose of the green rope he was draping, and asked if she had forgotten that she was to be his wife some day, and when, instead of the usual spirited protest, she only laughed and told him softly that when she was quite sure she was ready she would give him the kiss she owed him, he freed her and went on with his whittling.

That had been a trying day for Janie. She had helped her mother with the baking and her father with the barn decoration. She had ridden twice into the village for some forgotten ingredient needed for the mysterious processes going on in the big, sweet pantry, and, worse than all the rest, Adolphus Comstock had proposed to her in the little parlor, where she sat polishing the scarlet apples for the supper. It was all so sudden, and everything was in such a flutter that she didn't know what she had told him, but she was dimly conscious of turning away her face when he would have kissed her, and faltering out something about her giving him the kiss some time when she was sure she could be all to him that he asked her to be.

Janie was horribly afraid that night as she thought it all over, while she braided her long, glossy hair into a coronet for her graceful little head, that she had half promised to marry two men, and the worst of it was she didn't quite know which one she did care most for. It was too bad of Harrison to say what he did when she had so much to do and no time to think it out at all, and after she had had one proposal.

But already the people were coming, and there was no time to think then, so she flew into a dark blue gingham dress, with a broad collar turned back from her soft, white throat, and knotted with scarlet ribbons, tied a red apron around her trim waist, and tripped lightly down the stairs and through the moonlight to the barn, where she met her guests with her merry, glad greeting, and there seated herself on a big corn shock, with her small shapely head outlined against the yellow corn heap at her back, and hot blushes sweeping over her face. Something evidently was the matter with Janie, for the little, brown hands that usually were swiftest of all at the work trembled provokingly as she tore the yellow husks away, with the soft eyelashes resting against her warm flushed cheeks.

Such a laugh as arose when Janie of all others found the first red ear, but the girl herself grew strangely pale for an instant; then with a bound she flew as fleetly as a deer round and round the room, in and out among the workers. One by one the pursuers all dropped out of the race, except Harrison and Adolphus. The people knew pretty well the state of affairs between the three, and watched with breathless interest the result of the race, which seemed to them significant.

The girl's steps grew slower, and at length, finding herself in a corner where there was no escape, she caught at one of the *Leaves* and half climbed, half drew herself up to the top of the great corn heap, where she poised, turned, and faced them like a frightened bird in a snare. Adolphus would have dashed up after her, but Harrison put his big brown hand commandingly on the other's shoulder and bade him wait. "Now, Janie," he said, in the old confident, sweet tone, "come down and take your pick."

Just for a second she waited, but in that fatal second came back to her all the years of sweet companionship, of helpfulness and trust. Why, of course, she couldn't live without him; of course, she was to be his wife some day, of course she belonged to him—hadn't he always said so, even by the kitten's grave, and just then the corn shock she stood on gave a great slide, and, without any effort of her own, she was in his arms, and everybody was cheering and shouting in the place. And right in the midst of it all didn't Harrison say with a triumphant gleam in his flashing eyes, "I told you so, Janie; and now for the kiss."

She lifted the shadowy lashes just for a second, with a look in her eyes that made the big strong fellow feel as weak as a woman, and kissed him softly once, twice, thrice, before them all. Then she ran away, and he couldn't get near her again until after the tables were cleared and the dancing was to begin.

The stranger disappeared, and no one could find him at the supper, but when the long lines of Virginia reel had formed he mounted the quickly improvised platform, took Harrison's violin, bade him go and find Janie to lead the dance, and then he played such music as our people never heard before, and watched Janie trip down the center with both small hands held fast and hidden in her lover's broad brown ones. The next morning he went away, and there's to be a wedding on Christmas, and he's coming back to play while Janie leads the dance again.—[New York Sun.

SAME MRS. DAY.

How She Sold Butter and Eggs and Took it Out in Trade.

People who contend that all things have become new should take their stand in front of the village store—the same village store of thirty years ago "where you will find on sale a fine quality of N. O. molasses and the very best makes of crowbars and calicoes." A woman drives up in an old-fashioned buggy, after an old-fashioned Dobbin, slips the bridle off his head, ties him to a post with a rope, and then enters the store to say:

"Good morning, Mr. Perkins. What's eggs and butter worth to-day?"

"Butter is down, you know."

"Pshaw!"

"Can't give but sixteen for butter and fifteen for eggs."

"Sakes alive! but I'll take 'em home first! Peddler offered me twenty for butter and eighteen for eggs only yesterday."

"Yes; but you had to take it in tinware, you know. I'm giving the going price; might say half a cent more on the butter, being as you made it."

"Well, I s'pose I'll have to take it; but that's awful. Bring it in."

There's nine pounds of butter and eleven dozen eggs, and she figures with him to be sure it's right.

"Can't get over the low price on eggs," she observes as the sum total agrees on both sheets of paper. "Sure you didn't mean 18 cents?"

"I'm a little steep even at 15, because I know you want trade. What is it to-day?"

"Got bedticking?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Thirty yards for the best."

"Thirty cents! It's amazing! I got a letter from my sister, down in Ohio, yesterday, and she specially mentioned that the very best ticking was only twenty-eight. We are thinking of moving down there."

"Isn't that fine?" he queried, as he flung down a bolt.

"Dunno. So many cheats nowadays that you can't be sure of anything. I bought a piece of you sixteen years ago come March, and it's giving away a-ready. Warrant the colors fast?"

"Oh, yes."

"Looks to me as if the feathers would work through as soon as the starch got out."

"I'll warrant it."

She wet a piece with her tongue, worked it vigorously between her fingers, and, after holding it up to the light, remarked:

"I spec't I've got to chance it. You may cut me off nine yards."

"Ten is the rule, Mrs. Day."

"I don't keer. I can narrow it in a little. Nobody sleeping on a bed knows whether there are nine or ten yards in the tick. I've got a piece around the house, anyway, and I'll work it in somewhere. You throw in the thread, of course?"

"I suppose I'll have to. Anything else?"

"I s'pect I've got to get a calico dress for Cousin Martha, who's living with us now."

"Ten yards?"

"Ten land-o'-days! Seven is a big plenty for Martha. She's slim and poor, and she don't want to carry anything extra around. Six and a half might do."

"Why, Martha is as big as Mrs. Perkins, and she always takes ten."

"Then she's extravagant. I'll say eight, but I know I'll have a hunk of cloth left. Do you warrant this fast color?"

"I do."

"No starch?"

"Just enough to glaze it."

"And you throw in the hooks and eyes, buttons, and a paper of needles?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Mr. Perkins!" she continues as she retreats a step, "we've been trading with you for twenty-two long years, and we've allus settled our bill the last of each year."

"I know it."

"And now you want to be stingy with us! I guess I'll drive on to Strongsville."

"Well, I'll throw 'em in, but it takes all the profit off. Anything else?"

"Some nutmegs, I guess. Sell 'em two for a cent now?"

"Good gracious, no! Nutmegs are five cents a piece."

"I'll never pay it. I'll wait until Mr. Day is going down to Strongsville. I've been told they were two for five there."

"They cost that. However, I've got a broken one in the jar, and I'll throw that in. Now, what else?"

"Nothing, I guess. I've got to run around to Hannah Joy's to give her a cure for rheumatism in the elbow, and while I am gone you can empty my crock and basket, put the parcels in the buggy, and get the bridle on to old Jim. Weather feels like a thunder shower, and I guess I'd better get home early."—[New York Sun.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Answered Correctly.

A teacher in one of the public schools of Detroit, was giving a lesson on patriotism. The children seemed to know very little about Washington except the hatchet story and the fact that he was a great and good man, which they read in the Second Reader. At last the teacher said:

"You stay home from school on Washington's birthday, but you never do so on my birthday. Why not?"

And with surprising emphasis came the answer: "'Cause *he* never told a lie."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mahone's Cultivated Daughter.

Philadelphia Times.

The eldest daughter of Gen. Mahone, of Virginia, who arrived from Europe by the Britannic, has spent several years in Paris under the charge of Marchesi. When Mrs. John W. Mackay was over here she said that Miss Mahone had one of the finest and sweetest voices she had ever heard. The young lady will spend the winter in Washington.

ST. JACOBS OIL
SURE CURE.
CURES PERMANENTLY
LUMBAGO.
In Pain 30 Years.
Constantine, Mich., Feb. 16, 1887.
I had pains in the back for thirty years. Confined to bed for weeks. Five years ago St. Jacobs Oil cured me; am well and hearty, no return of pain; can lift as much as ever.
D. M. REARICK.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE HAIR AND THE NAILS.

The Styles in England—The French and the English Way of Trimming the Nails.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The style of wearing all the hair on top of the head is dying out. Many fashionable women are wearing their hair in a loose knot, low on the neck. This is a revival of the style of hair-dressing of ten years ago. Mrs. Langtry introduced it and made it popular. The fashion lasted three years; but it is doubtful whether it will last three years this time. Hair-dressers prophesy that it won't last one.

The "Langtry knot" is worn to advantage by young women with shapely heads, pretty hair, and plenty of it. A bunch of bright hair looks pretty enough beneath the big, fashionable, romatic-looking hats. Lady Claud Hamilton always wears her hair low on her neck in a loose knot. But her hairdresser says she has a lovely lot of hair and a perfectly shaped head. A small quantity of hair never looks so meagre or miserable as when it is twisted up into a button and worn under a large hat. Middle-aged women with none too much hair can set off what little they have best by wearing it on top. Loops and bows and rolls of artificial hair can be cunningly arranged among the real hair and worn with a sense of security on top of the head, but not on the neck. The sketches were made by Mrs. Carmichael's, the hair dresser and manicure of Conduit street. The "Grecian" knot is founded on Mary Anderson's style of hairdressing, but is softer, prettier, and more elaborate. The half of the hair nearest the head has to be crimped, the other half is left straight and twisted into a ring, and artificial curls are stuck in the middle. A fluffy fringe is worn in front. Fringes are as popular as ever. Hairdressers say they will never go out of fashion while the Princess of Wales wears a fringe.

The artist has sketched a couple of the nails of the period. One is the English style, the other the French. The rounded nail is English, the pointed one French. These two styles are admirably symbolical of the style and conversation of the wearer. The English woman rounded and pleasant; the French woman remarkably pointed. The proper length of the little finger nail in the pointed style is about a quarter of an inch.

BORROWED BRIGHTNESS.

A swallow tail—The story of Jonah and the whale.—[Boston Bulletin.

Literary men are a good deal like hens. The author lays a plot and then the editor sits on it.—[Burlington Free Press.

Courtesy doesn't cost much, but it pays a mighty big interest on the investment.—[American Commercial Traveler.

It's very monotonous to be rich, but there is a variety about being poor that sometimes makes one weary.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

"The bustle is a thing of the past," says a fashion exchange. It always was a little behind.—[Binghamton Republican.

Bashfulness is very becoming sometimes to a young man, but it is well for him to get over it if he is going to board.—[Somerville Journal.

"Did you have a spicy call?" she asked sarcastically, after his return from the haunt of the festive clove between the acts.—[Detroit Free Press.

After a man has finished putting up his stovepipe the family parrot has to be kept out of the room when the minister calls.—[Yonkers Statesman.

We know men who insist at every point upon beating their way through life, but we observe that they all draw the line at carpet.—[Binghamton Leader.

The man who sighs, "How soon we are forgotten!" has only to leave a hotel without paying his bill to find out how sadly mistaken he is.—[Industrial News.

"No thoroughly occupied man," says a great writer, "was ever yet miserable." Unless he was trying to amuse a 2-year-old child while its mother went out calling.—[Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Will the coming man fly?" asks a scientific writer. Judging from our protracted spell of rainy weather, the "coming man" will have to swim as soon as he gets here. —[Norristown Herald.

"Upon my soul," exclaimed Mrs. Flyaround, "I never saw such an old gadder in all my life as that Mrs. Nevershome is! Actually, I called seven times at her home and couldn't get in once."—[Epoch.

Mr. Jones—This mince pie is excellent, Mrs. Smith. May I trouble you for the recipe?

Mrs. Smith—No trouble at all; I will set my husband's stenographer at work tomorrow, and you can call for the recipe the latter part of next week.—[Kearney Enterprise.

He Had the Documents.

We were waiting at Trenton for the cross train to Long Branch, when a lame and sorrowful-looking man began to circulate among the people and solicit alms on the ground that he had just buried his wife after a long illness, which had, coupled with ill-health, reduced him to poverty.

"Look here, sir!" said the third man he came to, "you are a liar and an imposter!"

"But I am not," quietly replied the man.

"But you are! You told me this very same story in Buffalo a year ago!"

"And he told it to me in Pittsburg about two years ago," added a second.

"And he related it to me and got money in Paterson three months ago!" exclaimed a third.

"Gentlemen, I am a truthful man!" protested the beggar.

"But you are telling a mighty old story."

"No, I am't. My last wife died four months ago."

"Your last? How many have you had?"

"Three. I told this story in Buffalo because I lost my second one there. Please read this document."

It was a doctor's certificate of the cause of death, with a newspaper notice pasted thereon.

"But you told it to me a year previous in Pittsburgh," said the Pennsylvanian.

"No doubt of it, sir. Please read this. It relates to the death of my first wife."

It was some such document as the other, and its genuineness could not be doubted.

"And the story you told me at Paterson relates to the death of the third, I suppose?" quired the third accuser.

"It does. Here is the document." That paper was also straight, and the first accuser scratched his head, looked puzzled, and finally said:

"Well, I take it all back. You are not an imposter, but excuse me and accept this half dollar, when I rise to remark that you are stopping in a house next door to a fool."

And the thrice bereaved was sent limping away with a purse of about six dollars. —[N. Y. Sun.

Room for the New Association.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Foster and her associates who retired from the W. C. T. U. convention, must be gratified at the way their action was received by press and people. From every quarter comes encouraging words for those who lead in the new departure. There is clearly a strong public sentiment in favor of non-partisan temperance work, and thousands of honest and earnest temperance workers who have never approved of partisan agitation will give the new movement their encouragement and sympathy. Say nothing about the old association. There is room for the new.

He Popped.

He—Tell me, confidentially, how much did that bonnet cost you?

She—George, there is but one way in which you can obtain the right to inspect my millinery bills!—[Lawrence American.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

"THE INDEPENDENT BATTALION."

On the Way to Dixie—Their First Stampede.

TOWARDS the last of October, 1862, a detachment of recruits from Pennsylvania, to the number of about one hundred, arrived at Louisville, Ky., and being then joined by a number of recruits and veterans belonging to various parts of the western army, were formed into a provisional regiment, which bore the somewhat lofty pseudonym of "The Independent Battalion."

On October 20 our Battalion, in company with a new regiment of Illinois troops, started for the land of "Dixie." We had not yet done any marching, and all our traveling had been done in first-class passenger cars; so when we were shipped on second-rate freight cars, we thought that the accommodations were "very bad." Some time during the night as we neared Elizabethtown, an alarm was given. The train came to a halt, we were ordered off at once, and saw a bridge blazing a few rods in front of us. We did not notice what effect the alarm had on the new regiment; but our own organization did not belie the name, but came off very "independently." each one asserting his own individuality. Some were hunting guns and knapsacks, some had lost hats and coats, and others were wondering how many of the enemy there were, and if we would "charge up that hill" after them. After our officers had—with much difficulty and not a little profanity—got our lines straightened out, the boys were ready for work; and had Morgan, who is supposed to be in our front, attacked us, he might have out generaled us, but he would have received a ready welcome from our heavy "Belgian" muskets.

The next morning we marched into Elizabethtown, and found that Morgan had left, though two or three of his rear guards were captured. He had burned a couple of bridges, which our engineer fortunately saw in time to avoid a catastrophe. Thus ended our first stampede, which, in our eyes, at that time, were almost as important as Murfreesboro or Chattanooga were in later years.

What has become of the 19th Ills., some of which were with us at that time; or, the 37th Ind., or 21st or 74th Ohio, that was brigaded with us through our whole service? I have been looking anxiously to hear from some of them through the Camp Fire, for a long time.—S. M. D., Co. K, 78th P. V. I., Slate Lick, Penn.

A CONFEDERATE SPEAKS.

Tells How He Saved the Lives of Two Yankee Soldiers.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE — Not knowing whether you would care to publish anything in the Camp Fire from an old rebel soldier, it is with temerity that I venture to contribute a "rail," and while it is burning I will relate this incident:

In the fall of 1864 I was at my home in Cherokee county, N. C., my command being then stationed in the Shenandoah valley, in Virginia. I was home for the purpose of recruiting my company.

On one occasion three or four rebel officers and myself were standing on the state road, when we noticed two rebel scouts coming towards us. We soon discovered they had with them two prisoners—Yanks, as our boys called them. When the scouts came up to where we were standing, they requested Capt. S. Whitaker (our ranking officer) to take charge of the two prisoners, but he refused to do so. After parleying a short time the scouts started away with the prisoners, saying they had captured them in Chilhowee valley, Tenn.; had brought them over 40 miles, and that if they were going to be bothered with them much longer. They started off, crossing a creek, and going up into a thick woodland.

I was satisfied they were going to kill the Yankees. I knew that they were desperate men and would kill their prisoners. I remarked to Capt. Whitaker that they were prisoners and ought to be treated humanely, and that I would take them, and be responsible for them. He said I could do so if I choose. I then called the rebels back. John Carr was one, the other's name I have forgotten. They came back across the creek very sullenly. I told them that I would take charge of the prisoners. They did not like to give them up, but swore they wanted to kill them. I then told them that I was going to take them, and as they knew I was an officer in the rebel army, they gave the prisoners up to me.

The prisoners looked very pale, but when I took them in charge they seemed soon to be in much better spirits. I took them to my home about a mile below, and as I would not be ready to start for Virginia for eight or ten days, I told them to stay there with me and not try to get away, as there was great danger from the Indians friendly to the South, and rebel scouts; so they remained with me, eat at my table, and slept up stairs in my house.

I kept them for about ten days, and then started with my recruits (about twenty in number) and the two Yankee boys. I gave them the same liberty I gave my own soldiers. I took them about ninety miles, to Walhalla, S. C. There I got transportation to Columbia, S. C. I intended to take the boys on to Richmond, Va., where they wanted to go, but when I got to Columbia, the authorities there refused to let me take them any further, and I had to leave them there.

I have never heard of them since. Their names were William Reece and Ira Hines. They belonged to a Michigan regiment, the number of which I do not remember. I certainly saved their lives; and if they are alive and this should chance to meet their eyes, I hope they will write to the old reb, who still remembers them kindly. I don't think either of them were over 22 years old at that time. If they never got home, perhaps some of their friends and relations may see this and desire to know something more about them. I will gladly answer any questions I can if they will write to me.—N. G. PHIPPS, Capt. Co. I, 62d N. C. Vols., C. S. A., Robbinsville, Graham Co., N. C.

THE DOVER FIGHT.

Scenes After the Battle—A Southerner's Boy—The "Holy Terror."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Not long since a comrade in Cincinnati, O., wrote to the Camp Fire, describing Comrade Charlie Edwards; also giving a condensed account of the love passes made by a Southern lady of fortune at Charlie while stationed at Ft. Hieman, Ky.

The comrade should remember the "hot water" I got into when I wrote of "Southern Brides" with "bags of ducats." I was hissed down by some; others said I must be dreaming or reading "yellow-backed" novels; that such things as Southern ladies falling in love with Lincoln's hirelings only occurred in fiction.

Fred Rogge should put on his war paint and hie away to Cincinnati and challenge the audacious comrade to mortal (?) combat. He goes to greater extremes than ever I did. He quotes the lady as the one to fall desperately in love with the Yankee sergeant, who rejected her advances. Well, Comrade Edwards is still on deck to vouch for the truth or falsity of his comrade's assertion. However, all Yankee sergeants were not "built that way"—they could not all resist such attacks, and some yielded to the importunities of the Southern girls.

In a recent letter, writing of our "Holy Terror," I left him lying in bed at Mrs. Foster's being waited on by Miss Sadie. Perhaps there was some excuse for George, for Sadie was sympathetic, while she supplied his every want. So it is little to be wondered at, that he fell hopelessly in love with the little maid.

When Billie and I departed from the Foster house we went to Dover, which had been the scene of the bloodiest little fight that occurred in the vicinity of Fort Donelson, after its capture by Gen. Grant. When we arrived upon the scene, details from the 83d Ills. were busily engaged in gathering together the dead and preparing to lay them to rest. Long trenches were being opened in the hillside, and when we rode up, rows of bodies clad in gray lay beside the trenches.

A number of natives were looking among the dead, apparently for friends. One old couple was passing along the line, and when they got nearly to where I was, the poor old mother fell beside her boy who lay cold in death. The anguish of the father was not so demonstrative, but one could see it was a dreadful blow to them both. The boy, they told me, was but 17 years old. The father said he had tried to prevent Stephen from going to war. Stephen Woodford was the lad's name, and the family lived just across the line in Kentucky. The boy's uncle, Stephen Woodford, was a colonel with Forrest.

"Poor little Stephen," said the heartbroken man; "he was but a child; he meant no harm. I do not think he had the least conception of doing anything wrong. Why, he was as tender-hearted as a girl. His uncle did very wrong in taking the boy away from us."

Tears were coursing down the old man's cheeks. Not one word of blame did he utter against those who killed his boy. As showing the respect which the soldiers felt for those bereaved people, when the aged father knelt by his dead and offered up a fervent prayer for peace to return to our distracted country, every soldier within hearing of him suspended work, removed their hats, and with bowed heads listened reverently to the devoted old Kentuckian's earnest appeal. The citizens present seemed surprised at the subdued appearance of the soldiers, for, as a general thing, many of our soldiers were very thoughtless, using profane language in common conversation. There were but few, however, that failed to acknowledge some of the religion their mothers taught them. "God bless our mother," was an oft-repeated prayer in the army.

I met one of the 83d boys I knew, an old schoolmate named Mitchell. I asked him how many of our boys were killed. He replied that he did not know exactly, but he thought there were about 20 killed in all. I asked him how many of the rebels were killed, and he said they had counted 214 killed. And it should be borne in mind that all the killing was done by the 83d Ills. It was their first engagement, many of them being only a few weeks from home. But it is such men that causes Uncle Sam to be respected by the nations of the earth. They left the workbench, the loom, the plow, and the counter. The lawyer pigeon-holed his brief; the cobbler laid down his awl. They marched away to meet once stopping to ass, "Am I a soldier?"

In what men as these Ills. that made failure impossible. As we rode over the battleground havoc met the eye in every direction. We met Col. Harding. The tough old lawyer was justly proud of his boys. He would chatter like a magpie about the way the boys did up the rebels; but it would sober him in a moment to speak of the killed. He would remark: "My poor boys; they had true grit." It was nearly night when we left Dover, and after dark when we arrived at Mrs. Foster's, where we found Nate and Orcey enjoying themselves, as old soldiers know how.—DAN KNIGHT, Colfax, Iowa.

HIS FIRST CHARGE.

Not "Upon a Flock of Geese," but Into a Drove of Hogs.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In company with Sergeant Wood and Corporal Snaner, at Bull Run (that is, the second Bull Run fight), while part of our regiment was detailed to go there and tear up the junction road, with which to repair the main line being off duty one day, we thought we would have some fresh pork. With guns on our shoulders, we marched to a grove back of the junction, where we came across a lot of bouncing big hogs. We made a charge on them, but the field being large and the hogs good runners we had quite a time bringing them to a halt. Johnny Reb came running out to see what was wrong with his hogs, and seeing us he screamed out:

"Oh, you Yankee, let them hogs alone!"

But, soldier-like, we paid no heed to him and took one of the porkers. However, we got away just in time, for some of Mosby's men were about there and were getting ready to sally forth and give us chase. That ended the charge for us that day, but after we got into camp others were ready to follow up the charge, and before night there were none of the Johnny's hogs left. South any of the 63d Pa. Vols. see this, I would like to hear from them. Co. K, wake up and let us hear from you in the Camp Fire!—J. L. REAGY, Co. K, 63d P. V. I.

BEATS THE RECORD.

A Tennessee Company in Which There Were Fifty-Three Sets of Brothers.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I see by the *National Tribune* that some one boasts that in the company in which he served there were 25 brothers, and also two fathers who had sons in the same company.

I belonged to Co. E, 5th Tenn. Infty., 2d Brig., 3d Div., 23d A. C. I don't claim to have planted the first flag on the top of Lookout Mountain, nor to have been the first person to get into Atlanta; but we were there all the same. I can say, however, that in our company (Co. E.) were more s

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the readers of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The Demonetization of Silver.

T. D. D., Hudson, Mo., asks: "Was silver ever demonetized by Congress? If so, please give a synopsis of the law.

It was a charge made during the greenback crusade, and often repeated now, that the demonetization of silver was done stealthily, and without the knowledge of the people. A brief examination of the records of Congress will demonstrate the utter absurdity of this charge that the passage of the act was surprising. In a speech delivered in Congress March 13, 1888, Senator Sherman stated that the bill was sent to him, as chairman of the committee on Finance, by Mr. Boutwell, secretary of the Treasury, in a letter dated April 25, 1870. In the *Congressional Globe*, Forty-first Congress, page 3,051, we find that on April 28, 1870, Senator Sherman introduced Senate bill No. 889, revising the laws relative to the mints, assay offices, and coinage of the United States, that the bill was read twice by its title, referred to the committee on Finance, and ordered printed; that Senator Sherman presented to the Senate the letter he had received from Secretary Boutwell, also a report from Comptroller of the Currency John J. Knox, explaining the nature of the act, moving that the letters be printed with the bill. Mr. Sherman also moved that five hundred extra copies of the bill be printed for the use of the department," the object being that everybody might have an opportunity to study the measure. The bill was not devised by Mr. Sherman, who had never seen it until he received it from Secretary Boutwell. It was framed by Mr. Linderman, a Democrat, who had held for many years the office of superintendent of the mint at Philadelphia, and by Mr. John J. Knox, Comptroller of the Currency, with the assistance of Secretary of the Treasury Boutwell. Mr. Knox, in his report, called especial attention to the discontinuance of the silver dollar. We quote from his report, page 4 of the bill:

"The coinage of the silver dollar piece, the history of which is here given, is discontinued in the proposed bill. The trade dollar, a silver unit, containing the value of gold to be fifteen and one-half times that of silver, being about the mean ratio for the past six years, is worth in gold a premium of about 3 per cent (its value being 103 and principally 12) and consequently more than paying our borrowings back by emitting three leap years in three centurial years, and square matters by having a leap year in the fourth centurial year. Pope Gregory's arrangement is so exact, and the borrowing and paying back balanced so nicely, that we borrow more than we pay back to the extent of only one day in 3,866 years.

Spelling Reform.

R. G. G., Vancouver, B. C., writes: "Some of the teachers in British Columbia are agitating spelling reform. I, for my part, think the change a desirable one, and would like very much to know the latest information as to the progress of the movement in the United States and Great Britain."

The spelling reform does not make headway. Philologists and other educated men are divided in opinion as to its method. Some demand that the old spelling shall be retained, as a guide to the etymology and history of many words; others object to the system proposed by the American Philological association as not going far enough; others prefer a sweeping change, remodeling the alphabet on a phonetic basis, and spelling all words by sound. There is one great difficulty in the way—that philologists are not agreed on the number of vowel sounds in the language, nor the signs to be used to represent them. The vast mass of the people are opposed to a change that would compel them to learn the spelling of the language over again; and the chances are very much against any change though it would be very desirable, and would lighten the burden of our children in school very much.

Bells in Churches.

"Amicus," Pleasantville, O., asks: "Please give the origin of using bells in religious service." That is a matter that is lost in the mists of antiquity. Bells are said to have been first used for churches about A. D. 400, by St. Paulinus, bishop of Nola, a town in Campania. In France and England they were in use as early as the 7th century. Bells are of great antiquity. They are referred to in Exodus xxviii, where golden bells are spoken of as appendages to the high priest's dress. The Greeks used them as signals in their camps and military stations. Plutarch says the tradesmen and hand-bells in the Athenian

DR. T. B. MYERS, of David City, Neb., writes: Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer is the best remedy for whooping cough and measles I ever saw.
Sold by all Dealers.
Price 25c. 50c. and $1 per bottle.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA, RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

markets; and still further back, in Egypt, the feast of Osiris is said to have been announced by the ringing of bells.

The Australian System of Voting.

M. W. S., Eldon, Iowa, asks: "Please give history of the Australian system of voting." It originated in Australia, but the details differ in the different colonies of that country. In Tasmania the ballots contain the names of all the candidates in nomination for the particular office. On the back they are stamped by the clerk of the pence, who distributes them to the returning officers, and they in turn stamp or countersign them before distributing them to the voters. The voter expresses his vote by striking out all names but that he intends to vote for. Provision is made for assistance in marking the ballot to those only who are blind. In New Zealand the returning officer writes upon the back of the ballot his initials, and upon the lower left hand corner of the ballot on the back the registered number of the voter, and, after securing the said corner by gum stamps upon it, the official mark. The vote is to be expressed in the same way as stated before. If the voter desires it, the returning officer and a interpreter, if necessary, are to retire to a compartment with the voter and mark the ballot as he instructs. In Victoria the period between the close of nomination and voting is to be from five to fourteen days. The vote is expressed in the same way, and the officers are forbidden in counting to examine the back of the ballot. In New South Wales, nominations must be handed in at least seven days before election; the ballot must be signed by the poll clerk, and the vote is expressed as before. In West Australia the act applies only to elections for the legislature. The ballot is to have a counterfoil, and the voter's number is written on the back of the ballot, the same number being written or printed on the face of the counterfoil. The vote is expressed by an X in the square opposite the name voted for. The returning officer's initials are to be placed on the back of the ballot before delivery to the voter, and the voter's name is to be written on the counterfoil. The returning officer is to reject at the counting any ballot by which it is written "any mark or other thing which is not justified by this act to be written thereon," or in which votes are cast for more candidates than are to be voted for. It is also provided that "any mark by which the voter may be afterward identified" will invalidate the ballot. No provision is made for assisting any class of voters. The system has been in use in South Australia since 1858, in Victoria since 1856, in Tasmania since 1858, in New Zealand since 1870, in Western Australia since 1877, and in Queensland since 1874. We published a full description of the method used at the state election in Montana, in THE BLADE of October 24.

Who Discovered America?

I. B. D., Ottumwa, Iowa, asks: "1.—What is your opinion of the Madoc ap Owen expedition, hailing from Wales?" Well, we don't know whether it ever came to Wales or not; but if it did, no practical results came from it, or Christopher Columbus would never have been celebrated. In point of fact, there are a great many claims to the discovery of America, which we summarize here for your convenience: Buddhist monks from China discovered the western coast of America in the summer of 432 A. D. In 464 more Chinamen came over, and in 499 still more. The aborigines did not exclude them. In 725 monks from Ireland settled in Iceland. In 995 Bjarni from Norway sailed along Nova Scotia and Labrador, being the first European to see the shore of the continent. Leif, the Icelander, made a settlement in Rhode Island in 1000 A. D. In 1170 Madoc, Prince of Wales, made a settlement somewhere in the West, and in 1492 Columbus discovered the continent. Columbus made the first practical business discovery, leading to a general knowledge and colonization, and is rightfully entitled to the honor.

2.—The opinion of scientific men is that the so-called "mound builders" were not a distinct race, but Indians. 3.—Constantinople is on the passage between the Black Sea and the rivers flowing into it and the Mediterranean, and is the natural site for a commercial emporium. It was the capital of the Eastern Empire, being then called Byzantium; so historic associations and the advantage of situation has made it of strategic importance for centuries.

"Advertising" Questions.

Many of our readers do not seem to understand the reasons of rules 2 and 3 above. It is this: We would be perfectly willing to publish the information asked for, as a convenience for our patrons; but at the same time it would be a first-class advertisement for the persons or firms inquired for. Now, advertising is the life-blood of a newspaper. If the BLADE had not a good advertising patronage, we could not furnish it at the low price we do. Nor can we undertake to answer such questions by mail. The editor of the Bureau has not the time, and it would still be advertising the persons or firms inquired for. The above explains why we can not reply to the questions given below.

J. E. W., Marice City, O., says: "Some time ago I found a piece in your paper giving a list of rare coins and valuation of same. The half-dollar of 1861 is quoted at $200, being the highest price of all. Please let me know who to write to find out, as I have several coins that are valuable."

J. W., Chicago, Ill., asks: "Please inform me where a Horological institute is located? Give also the names of several other watchmaker's schools and where they are located. If you cannot, according to your rules, give the names of the schools, please give the name of the town and state where they are located?"

You will see by the above why we cannot comply with this last request. Why should we violate a sound rule for you individually, more than for any one else?

J. D., Sharon, Pa., asks: "How is the ——— lottery worked, and where held? Also how and where are tickets sold for it? Their price?"

Why should we give them a first-class free advertisement?

"Old Roman" asks: "Can you tell me through THE BLADE where the ——— typewriter is made?"

If the ——— typewriter people want the patronage of BLADE readers, why don't they advertise in its columns?

D. S., Cedar Rapids, Iowa, asks: "Where and by whom are the ——— sewing machines made? Please answer, as I ask for information to settle a dispute."

We should be glad to settle the dispute, but we cannot give an advertisement of the ——— sewing machine free.

M. E., Union, Kan., asks: "Is the story entitled ——— printed in book form? If so, where can I get it?

It is printed in book form, but we cannot give the publisher a free advertisement. It violates Rule 5. Never waste your time and postage writing to us to know where to get a book, but tell a bookseller to order it for you. If you are not near a town with a good book store, write a letter of inquiry, including postage, to any of the publishers named every week under the head of "Recent Literature," on page 2 of the Weekly BLADE. They will be glad to fill your order, and answer your question. It is their business.

How Coins are Made.

R. L. N., Newark, Mo.: 1.—At the United States mints deposits of gold bullion, not less than $100 in value, are received and weighed in the presence of the depositor, who is given a receipt expressing the weight in Troy ounces. Each deposit is kept separate through the processes of melting and assaying, until its precise value is determined. Then the assayer prepares his report, and it is paid. The charge for converting gold bullion into coin is one-fifth of one per cent. The bullion is refined, and converted into ingots of "standard metal"—9-10ths pure gold, 1-10th alloy. These ingots are cast bars, about one foot long, from ¾ to 2½ inches wide, and ½ inch thick. These are rolled, between powerful rollers, into thin strips just thick enough for the coin it is proposed to make. The blank coins are punched out of these strips by machinery. These blanks are each weighed; those too light are remelted, those too heavy are filed down. They are then "milled" on the edge. Next they go to the coining press, where they are stamped, and are then ready for circulation. 2.—Any one can deposit gold bullion in the treasury and receive therefor its value in gold certificates. The gold remains in the treasury to redeem the certificates. The silver certificates are issued on a deposit of silver dollars in the same way. These certificates are merely issued for convenience, as they are found more convenient in circulation than the specie.

Grain Exports.

L. J. S., Zionsville, Ind.: 1.—Our exports of breadstuffs for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1889, were as follows:

Corn	$32,982,277
Wheat	41,652,701
Flour	45,296,485

We export about one-tenth of our total agricultural products, and consume the other nine-tenths at home.

2.—The above writer asks: "Does Liverpool govern the market here?" No. On this point the highest national authority, Mr. J. R. Dodge, statistician of the department of Agriculture, said in his report for 1888, page 414: "The Liverpool price is made in America; the American price never in Liverpool." Mr. Dodge supports his statements by the proof. For instance, on page 422 he shows that the Massachusetts farmer, who has a home market, got in 1887, 70 cents a bushel for corn and $1 for wheat, while his fellow citizen of Nebraska (page 426) got but 20 cents for corn and 53 cents for wheat. But the difference between the Nebraska price and the Massachusetts price is merely the additional cost of transportation to the consuming (manufacturing) sections of the country.

The Catacombs of Rome.

D. G. S., Cumberland, Md.: Rome is underlaid by a soft and easily excavated rock—tufa—and enormous underground quarries exist from which stone was excavated for buildings. These excavations are the catacombs. These are not peculiar to Rome, but are found under or near many cities in the Old World where soft rock exists underground. Paris is an example of this. The Roman catacombs obtain their interest from having been places of resort for the early Christians during times of persecution, and burial-places for their dead. The most celebrated of those at Rome are those a short distance from the city, on the Appian Way. They consist of long, narrow galleries, about 5 feet wide by 8 high, which twist and turn in all directions. There are over 20 miles of passages, but only about six can be traversed, as the remainder is dangerous, many portions having fallen in. Graves were constructed by hollowing out shelves in the rock sides of the galleries, on which the bodies were laid, and then slabs of stone placed in front to close the opening. In places the galleries compound into chambers, which were used for religious services, like churches. Your other questions will be answered later.

Florence Nightingale.

Mrs. Mc., Trino, Ill.: Florence Nightingale was never a singer. She was born of English parents at Florence, Italy, in May, 1820. When yet a girl her favorite study was methods of caring for the sick, and she visited numerous hospitals. In 1849 she took a course of special training for this work. In 1851 she was put in charge of a sanitarium for aged and infirm governesses in London. In 1854 she went to the British army in the Crimea as superintendent of a corps of volunteer female nurses, 92 in number, and organized a hospital at Scutari, near Constantinople, on Nov. 5. On the 7th, 700 wounded soldiers from the battle-field of Inkermann were brought in, and in three weeks there were 3,000 under her care. Her success was so great that all the other hospitals in the vicinity was placed under her control. She fell ill of hospital fever, and returned to England in 1856, with broken health, which never was fully restored. She published "Notes on Nursing" in 1850, "Notes on Hospitals" in 1859, and other works of the same character.

Rembrandt.

C. H., Atchison, Kan., asks: "What style of a picture is a 'Rembrandt?' I have an etching ('Star of the East'), and some call it a Rembrandt."

It is not the style of picture, but the artist, for which it is so called. Rembrandt was a famous Dutch painter and etcher, born in Leyden, Holland, July 15, 1607, died in Amsterdam Oct. 8, 1669. He painted, during his life, some 600 pictures, and he made many admirable etchings. He was the great master of chiaroscuro in painting, and his peculiar style is perhaps more strikingly displayed in his etchings than on his canvases. His method was to bring into a picture a flood of light in one place, deepening rapidly into shadow everywhere else, as if the scenes were illuminated by a high ray of light striking the most important portion. Some years ago the plates from which his etchings were printed from were destroyed, to take the impression of light in a picture, deepening from photographs, and these were sometimes called "Rembrandts." Probably your etching is a copy of an original Rembrandt etching.

The Bottom of the Atlantic.

M. L. S., Golden, Colo.: The bed of the Atlantic Ocean, between Europe and North America, consists of two valleys, separated by a broad ridge running from the Azores to Iceland. This ridge is about 1,500 fathoms deep. The eastern valley, between this and Europe, is from 2,000 to 2,500 fathoms deep. The western valley is from 2,000 to 2,400 fathoms deep. These valleys have gradual slopes, and the ocean bottom is as smooth as a western prairie. When the Atlantic telegraph was projected, soundings were taken across the proposed route, and the unexpectedly smooth bottom, free from submarine mountain ridges, sharp valleys, etc., led to its being named the "great telegraphic plateau"—a name now abandoned, for later deep-sea soundings and explorations show that it is not a plateau, but a double valley, as above described. Abandon the use of the term, "great telegraphic plateau," for it is obsolete. No late scientific works use it.

Visible Images.

S. F. E., ———, says: "When an image is formed by a reflector, it can be seen by the eye in certain positions, but cannot be seen in other positions; if, however, a sheet of thin paper be put at the place of the image, it becomes visible to the eye in positions from which it was formerly invisible. Please explain."

A familiar example is a photographic camera. The image formed by the lens is visible to the eye when placed in the position of the ground glass, but nowhere else, because the rays pass on, are separated, and the different rays from all parts do not reach the eye at once, as they did when collected at the focus. But if the ground glass is put in place, the image is visible from any pos tion. This is because the ground glass stops the rays and gives a basis for the formation of the image, which is then visible, as a picture would be, from different positions.

The Census Again.

D. W. B., Crickmer, W. Va., asks: "Please inform me who has the letting out of each census district?"

We should suppose that this question had been answered enough times for everybody to be familiar with it. But here goes: The country has been divided into 175 districts, each of which is under the control of a census supervisor, who appoints enumerators, appointed by the Census Bureau, upon the recommendation of the supervisors; so, practically, the supervisor of your district has the naming of all the enumerators in that district. The supervisors are now being appointed by the superintendent of the Census, Hon. Robert P. Porter. The enumerators are to be chosen with reference to their fitness for the work of ascertaining the facts required by the census. No definite standard of qualifications is fixed.

"Southern Lights"—Lightning.

B. M. S., Burlington, Iowa: 1.—The "Northern lights" is called the aurora borealis, or northern dawn, "borealis" being the Latin word for "Northern;" the aurora australis is the same phenomenon in the southern hemisphere, appearing in the sky around the South Pole, "australis" being the Latin for "Southern." The Southern Cross is a very bountiful and brilliant constellation in the southern skies, not visible north of the equator.

2.—The "will-o'-the-wisp" is generally seen in swampy, wet ground. It is not believed to be electric in its origin, though it may be. Globular lightning is a very rare form; but you might as well ask us where to go to see lightning as to ask where to see it. There is no such thing as "fossil" lightning.

3.—Napoleon III and Maximilian were not related to each other.

The Conventions of 1888.

J. J. B., Monroe, Kan.: The Democratic National convention was held at St. Louis, June 4, 5, 1888. The temporary chairman was S. M. White, of California, and the temporary secretary F. O. Prince, of Massachusetts. A. Collins, of Massachusetts, was permanent chairman, and H. H. Ingersoll, was permanent secretary. The Republican National convention was held at Chicago, June 19-25, 1888. J. M. Thurston, of Nebraska, was temporary chairman; Wm. Rule, of Tennessee, temporary secretary. M. M. Estee, of California, was permanent chairman. —— We cannot violate our rule not to answer queries by mail. If a question is of enough interest to answer at all, we are always glad to answer in the Bureau; but we cannot take the time to write letters of special information. See Rule 7 above.

The Washington Monument.

A. D., Edwardsburg, Mich.: The monument in honor of George Washington, at Washington City, is the tallest shaft of masonry in the world. It was begun in 1848, and was carried on slowly till 1856, when it had reached a height of 156 feet, and had cost $200,000. No further work was done till 1878, when the foundations were enlarged and strengthened, and the work of completing the obelisk was begun in August, 1880, and the capstone was laid December 6, 1884. It was dedicated February 22, 1885. The shaft is 500 feet 5½ inches high, being 55 feet 1.5 inches square at the base, and 34 feet 5.5 inches square at the top. From this point the apex, 47 feet and 5½ feet high, making the total height of the monument, from the ground to the topmost point, 555 feet 5½ inches.

Slave Labor in the South.

W. G. B., Marion, Ind., writes. "The free traders here say—If cheap labor lessens the cost of production, and thereby manufacturers can sell their goods cheaper, why was it the Southern states did not excel the Northern in manufacturing before the war, when they could have obtained their labor free?"

The one who asks you that absurd question should study history awhile. Slave labor was not skilled, nor did the South desire it to be, for that would defeat emancipation, although as a slave it was unlawful in the slave states. The South did not want manufactures, as it would build up a large middle class of free, intelligent, educated laboring men, who would have soon brought about the abolition of slavery.

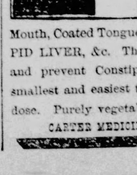
The Blade Cook Stove.

J. N. A., ———, asks: "I want a hard coal cook stove, and I am thinking of getting a Blade stove, and I want to know if they will burn wood with the coal grate, to get a meal in summer? Please answer in the Question Bureau."

Yes, most certainly.

Government Blacksmith—Pension Delay. Old Subscriber, Doniphan, Neb., asks: "What

SICK HEADACHE



Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

NEW DRESSES.

A Few of Those to be Seen at a New York Modiste's.

A pretty little house dress is made entirely of plaid silk, for which there is just now a craze, cut on the cross way of the stuff, and with skirt and bodice so arranged that the stripes run diagonally. The plaid is not a tartan, but in soft shades of yellow tan, cream yellow and red brown. The skirt is mounted in plaits behind and for the rest is almost plain, being scant on one side and draped on the other in Greek apron style. The waist forms a blouse and is gathered under a pointed bodice girdle of warm tan velvet. The sleeves puff out at the top and are drawn in very close below the elbow with little velvet ribbons, gathering them at the wrist and leaving a frill of the silk edged with lace to fall over the hand.

A PRETTY HOUSE GOWN.

Another little gown for home wear is a straight slip of dark apple green silk, of very soft texture, figured with daffodil yellow. The slip is gathered at the throat and partly covered by a princess overgown of the plain dark green, fastened at the waist by three rosettes of daffodil yellow ribbons, which come from under the arms and tie to the left of the front in small butterfly bows. The undergown is flounced in front, and the overgown is edged with three rows of the narrow ribbon.

A rich reception dress made a la Bernhardt has a beautiful shimmering surface of pale sage armure striped with a still paler tone and with wonderful embossed arabesques in gold and amber brown, surrounded by glinting silver notes and exquisitely shaded. The hip girdle is of gold, sage green and amber brown passementerie and a dainty and picturesque frill or full ruffle of the most expensive Duchess lace is turned down about the neck, the corsage being cut half low.

BERNHARDT RECEPTION DRESS.

The walking dresses are very attractive. One is a plain cheviot with a woven border of lynx fur, to be worn with a Directory hat of silver gray velvet edged with silver lace and trimmed with silver gray plumes. Another is a silver blue cloth with collar, cuffs and girdle of undressed sealskin in its natural light brown shade. A third is a copper cloth opening over old rose faille, brocaded with the copper and matching a hat of black velvet with pink and copper garniture.

A Chicago Kid,

It requires a pretty smart school teacher nowadays to get any the best of a modern "kid." This was never more fully demonstrated than it was the other day, right here in one of the Chicago schools. In some of the schools the old-fashioned and unnatural method of teaching free-arm writing is employed, and the children are obliged to twist their hands over unnaturally in order to obtain the free-arm movement. In order to insure this position the teacher places a small shirt button on the back of each little right hand, as piano teachers sometimes place pennies on the backs of their pupils' hands.

This is done to insure the keeping of the hand in the "correct" position, for, if tipped in the least, the button will slip off and thus betray the erring scholar. This button arrangement is quite tiresome to the children and they complain of it at home. The other afternoon a bright little girl returned from school and said to her mother: "Mamma, I kept the button on my hand nearly all day to-day." The mother expressed

If You Have
CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SCROFULA, COUGH or COLD, THROAT AFFECTION, WASTING of FLESH,

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL With Hypophosphites.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

PHONETIC SHORTHAND Exercises corrected for students who wish to study at home. Send 2-cent stamp for circular, and mention this journal. W. W. OSGOODBY, pub'r, Rochester, N. Y.

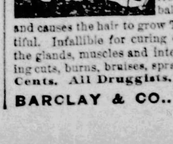
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast table with a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.



An elegant dressing richly perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the glands, muscles and integuments, and relieving cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. Price, 50 Cents. All Druggists.

BARCLAY & CO., NEW YORK.

Whooping Cough

IS speedily relieved by administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Dr. Solon S. Blood, of Fabyan's, N. H., says: "The anodyne properties contained in **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** render it a superior remedy to allay the paroxysms in Whooping Cough. I have used the Pectoral with remarkable success."

"When I was a girl of 17 I had a cough, with sleepless nights and profuse night sweats. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me. I have recommended this preparation in scores of similar cases and always with excellent results."—Mrs. Cutler, 27 N. Washington sq., N. Y. City.

"My little daughter had the worst whooping cough I ever knew. After she began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral she suffered but very little. One bottle effected a perfect cure."—Mrs. E. M. Spear, Rutland, Vt.

"As a remedy for whooping cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider it the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge."—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

"My children are liable to croup. Having lost my oldest girl by this disease, I was in constant fear until I found to my great satisfaction, that

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Cherry Pectoral would cure it."—Anna W. Wentworth, Northampton, Mass.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt Relief

Follows the use of **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** in cases of Sudden Colds, Croup, Sore Throat, and the various pulmonary troubles to which children are liable. Many a life has been saved by a timely dose of this invaluable medicine.

"The high reputation of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, as a remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, attracted my attention more than twenty years ago. The employment of it then, through the youth of my children, when croup and whooping cough were frequent and dreaded visitors, was so satisfactory as to win for it my confidence and a permanent place in my medicine chest. Subsequent trials have afforded severe tests of its curative qualities. Ordinary colds, coughs, soreness, and inflammation of the throat and lungs, are among the affections for which it has been successfully used in my family. With me it is an indispensable remedy in all throat and lung troubles."—Aimé Bercegeay, Donaldsonville, La.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for years."—J. R. Case, Preston, Iowa.

"After having suffered for some time from a disease of the lungs, induced by bad colds, and when my friends thought I could not recover, I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In three months I was well."—H. H. Woodal, McConnellsburg, Pa.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

surprise at such a feat. "Yes," said the little one, "I gummed it on with a piece of my gum."—[Chicago Herald.

Balm.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Papa (after the seance in the woodshed)—Do you know that it pains me more than it does you to have to whip you?

The Terror—No, papa; I didn't know it; but now that you've told me I feel better.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding and Protruding, yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on the parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. 50c. Druggists or mail; treatise free. Dr Bosanko, Piqua, O.

FINANCIAL.

$5 TO $500 judiciously invested in options or margins in Wall St. leads to wealth. Stevenson & Co., 50 New street, New York.

$10 to $1,000 properly placed in Wall street is the foundation of a fortune. Address Jackson, Sprague & Co., 30 New street, New York.

PATENTS

PATENTS Obtained, H. W. T. Jenner, Patent Attorney and Solicitor, Washington, D. C. Charges moderate. Circulars free.

PATENTS.

F. A. LEHMAN, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS, Washington, D. C. No charge unless patent is secured. Send for circular.

PENSIONS AND PATENTS PROCURED

By THOMAS McSHERRY, late legal and special examiner, U. S. Pension Bureau. Box 385 Washington, D. C., and box 1 Fremont, Ohio. Correspondence solicited. Reference given.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS Wanted. Bottled Electricity pays $25 a day. Ad. box 443, Chicago, Ill.

LADY Agents $10 a day sure; new rubber undergarment. Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

$10 a day, agent's wanted. Medicated Electric Suspensory Bandage. Sells at sight. Sample, by mail 25c. Catalogue Free. E. E. Brewster, Holly, Mich.

$3.75 A DAY and steady work right at home for any man or lady. Write at once. Franklin Co., Richmond, Va.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and EXTRA TERRITORY to agents. Our New Book: How to Get Rich, sells on sight. New Book: How to Get Rich, sells on sight. P. W. Ziegler & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

$60 SALARY $40 EXPENSES IN ADVANCE allowed to reliable men to introduce our goods, employment at home or traveling. No soliciting. Duties, delivering and making collections. No postal cards. Address, with stamp, HAZER & CO., Piqua, O.

SOMETHING New. A neat, compact device for holding assorted sizes of yarns, while winding. Will hold any sized skein. Made entirely of metal. Sent by mail postpaid. Address F. & S. LATHAM, Sandusky, O. Agents wanted.

MANAGERS WANTED Everywhere to take charge of Branch Offices. Salary $75 per month, Expenses advanced. State experience, reference and enclose self-addressed envelope. STAR & CO. Manufacturers, 294 George Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE 1000 WATCHES! To agents who will introduce our Watches and Jewelry. Send 2-cent stamp and be convinced. WM. WILLIAMS, 121 Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill.

DR. CHASE'S New and Complete RECEIPT BOOK AND HOUSEHOLD PHYSICIAN.

The great work of his life. Nearly 900 pages. The greatest selling book ever published. 15-day terms. No space. Printed in English and German. Mention this paper. F. B. DICKERSON & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR My Story of the War, or FOUR YEARS PERSONAL EXPERIENCES as NURSE in Hospitals and on the Battle-field. By MARY A. LIVERMORE. 700 pages. Splendid Steel Plates. Best thousand C. $5000 in advance. Agents Wanted. Outfit and terms free. Address, A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

100 SONGS for a 2 cent stamp. Rose & Town, Cadiz, O.

PHOTOS 19 lovely beauties, sealed, only 10c.; 55, 25c. THURBER & CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.

FREE MARRIAGE PAPER and particulars of association that pays $1,000 to $5,000 at marriage. The Correspondent, Toledo, O.

VIRGINIA FARMS and MILLS SOLD and exchanged. Free Catalogues. E. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

FREE Mammoth Illustrated circular on Dress Cutting. Garment cut to measure. Famous Tailor System. Address Rood Magic Scale Co., Ouincy, Ill.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT & STRATTON'S, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

DO NOT BUY FLORIDA Land, Orange Groves, Transportation tickets, Rail, Mail, or cruise. What I found out you send stamp for full information to O. M. Crosby, 99 Franklin St., N. Y.

Brilliant Magic Lantern ONLY $2.50. With views of American Scenery, Comic, Temperance, Religious, Home Pictures, 2,000 other Illustrations FREE on receipt of 2 cents. JOHN WILKINSON CO., 85 State St., Chicago.

SHORT-HAND SELF TAUGHT Send for Catalog of Books and helps for self instruction by BENN PITMAN and JEROME B. HOWARD, of the PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Most Reliable Food For Infants & Invalids. Not a medicine, but a specially prepared Food, adapted to the weakest stomach, a treatise, Pamphlet free. Woolrich & Co. on every label. *Palmer, Penn.*

FREE READING! If you are undecided what papers to subscribe for send us your address, with 10 cents, and we will forward your name to publishers who will send you magazine and papers of every description in abundance. Send 2 cents in stamps for sample copy of Idine. It will yield BIG returns. Try it. Subscribe to no paper without getting our price. Hub Subscription Agency, Box 3561, Boston, Mass. Mention Toledo BLADE.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FOR 1890.

25 SOLDIER STORIES.

With Prizes of $50, $25 and $15 for the best three. Veterans are invited to write. All stories paid for that are accepted. Send for circular describing the competition.

40 BRILLIANT CONTRIBUTORS

By such eminent men and fascinating writers as

Andrew Carnegie,	Mrs. John A. Logan,
John J. Ingalls,	George W. Cable,
Chauncey M. Depew,	President Wm. Pepper,
Gail Hamilton,	Rev. Dr. J. R. Paxton,
T. V. Powderly,	Albert Griffin,
S. C. T. Dodd,	"Josiah Allen's Wife,"
Judge A. W. Tourgee,	Fred. S. Tallmadge,
Senator W. M. Stewart,	Kate Field,
Senator Gus. Vest,	Rev. E. E. Hale,
Bishop H. C. Potter,	Henry W. Grady,
I. C. Russell,	Ernest Whitney,
Prof. A. R. Soley, U. S. N.,	Marshal P. Wilder,
W. M. Grosvenor,	L. E. Quigg,
Emily Huntington,	M. Y. Beach.

PAPERS ON FARMING.

In addition to our regular agricultural page, beginning articles, carefully prepared by experts on particular branches of farming.

NOVEL PREMIUMS

Send 2-cent stamp for one 20-page illustrated catalogue, describing not only all the beautiful Prizes and Premiums, but all the special features.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

Weekly, $1; Semi-Weekly, $2; Daily, $6.

Club Agents have special inducements offered to them this year. Prizes worth $2,500 will be given away for the largest clubs. Send 2-cent stamp for our 20-page catalogue.

THE TRIBUNE, New York.

Prompt Relief

Follows the use of **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** in cases of Sudden Colds, Croup, Sore Throat, and the various pulmonary troubles to which children are liable. Many a life has been saved by a timely dose of this invaluable medicine.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1889.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10, OR EVERY FIFTH COPY FREE. Agents may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 130,000.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

We have received a number of orders already for THE BLADE tea set, and for the toilet set, advertised on the fifth page of this issue, and have been fairly deluged with letters of inquiry concerning it. For the benefit of all inquirers, we wish to say:

It is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere.

There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. The set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop jar and cover, chamber and cover soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking-water, mug and vase.

They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

A COMPLETE ANSWER.

It is a well-known fact that through competition among our own manufacturers, under the protective system, we now manufacture many articles, especially those most in demand, like cotton goods, and sell them as cheaply as they can be bought abroad—and relatively cheaper, when we consider the larger wages of the workingmen here. A great many good people, taking but a limited view of the matter, ask why the duty can not be removed? Hon. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, ex-secretary of the Treasury, answers this question completely, in an article in the last issue of the *American Economist*. He says:

I might cite the article of printing cloths as an industry that has been carried to such perfection that the price fixed at Fall River is for the day the basis of the world. If this be so, then the rate of duty adds nothing to the price of the cloth.

Why, then, it may be asked, should the duty remain? The answer is on the surface.

The duty is not a burden upon consumers, but is an insurance against the interruption of any surplus that may have accumulated in foreign countries during a period of business depression. Such incidents in business are not uncommon, and without the security furnished by a duty, an American interest might be prostrated for a time, or even destroyed by a combination of competing producers in other lands. Again, if this be so, there is no occasion to remove or modify the duty, inasmuch as we may rely with confidence upon domestic competition to reduce the price in the market to the minimum compatible with the cost of labor.

THE Democratic free traders, who have persistently advocated the admission of foreign built ships to American registry, will not be particularly pleased to learn that the shipyards of Maine, Pennsylvania and Delaware are enjoying such prosperity as they have not known since the war of the rebellion. In Maine 84 vessels, almost all of them of large tonnage, were launched last year, and 60 vessels are now in process of construction. The Delaware river establishments are running at their utmost capacity, and some of them are so busy with mercantile work that they are unable to undertake any government contracts. Now that American iron and steel shipyards are equal if not superior to those of Europe and the margin of cost is so narrow there is no sound argument for "free ships," and it is a fact that not a single Democratic state convention this year has ventured to endorse them.

MRS. MARY H. HUNT, the temperance advocate, has been convinced by the uniform result of the recent unsuccessful Prohibitory campaigns that it is useless to attempt to crystallize into law a sentiment that is held only by the minority as yet. She says: "If we will seek first the temperance education of the people, all other temperance blessings will in due time be added unto us." This is exactly the attitude THE BLADE has taken on the matter. We must educate, *educate*, EDUCATE the masses to the realization of the frightful evils of the Rum traffic, and the necessity of remedying them, the first thing. When the majority reaches this point, reform is easy.

IT is currently reported that Justices MILLER, FIELD and BRADLEY, of the United States Supreme court, will all retire soon. All are old men, having passed considerably the threescore and ten years allotted to man by the Psalmist, and are all eligible to retire under full pay for life, they having completed the requisite term of service on the Supreme bench. Mr. FIELD is a Democrat, the others Republican. He and MILLER were appointed by LINCOLN, and BRADLEY by GRANT. It is proper that these aged judges should retire, and give an opportunity for younger and more vigorous men.

A SUBSCRIBER at Green Cove Springs, Fla., in a letter renewing his subscription to THE BLADE, says:

This county voted "dry" two years ago, but reversed this at the election of November 28, and will try high license awhile. The license here is for the state $400, for the county $200 and the same for the town, making a total of $800. I hope to see the internal revenue tax taken off tobacco and spirits, leaving the whole matter to the state and county authorities.

BRAZIL has a large trade with the United States, but the tariff cuts no figure in it. We import $53,000,000 worth of articles from that country every year, of which $47,000,000 is of articles which we can not produce—largely coffee—and hence which are on the free list.

CARLISLE is the Democratic leader on the floor of the House in this Congress, not MILLS. Both are free traders; but while CARLISLE knows infinitely more about parliamentary law than the Texan, the latter has infinitely more backbone.

IT is significant that a Democratic plurality of 1,900 in Providence, Rhode Island, last spring at the state election became a Republican majority of more than 700 on the 6th inst., at the municipal election.

THE new Ways and Means committee of the House is the strongest for many years. We may look for a tariff bill that the people can heartily endorse.

THE LAW OR THE LAW-BREAKER?

The main argument against Prohibition, when it comes before the people for their action, always is that it is impossible of enforcement—that Rum will be sold and drank, and that the law simply changes the method instead of the drinking—makes it secret instead of open. And the same argument is used by the resubmissionists in Kansas, and the opponents of Prohibition in Iowa, in spite of the fact that the saloon is extinct as an institution in every portion of both states save in a few cities, and the majority of those on the state boundary. The argument is fallacious in that it assumes that a restrictive law is a failure unless it stops every infringement, no matter how small. What restrictive law in any state will stand such a test? Not one.

The singular point about this argument is that no one appears to think that the men who continue to sell after the law forbids it are in any wise to blame. These opposers of Prohibition because of its alleged "impracticability," point to the deliberate violation of the law as a reason for its repeal! Was ever such a position taken, by men presumably sane, before? Not one word do we hear of blame for the law-breaking Rumseller; the cry is made that the law shall be done away with, not that the law-breaker shall be punished.

The sound maxim in every case is that so long as a law exists it shall be obeyed; if it be an unjust, oppressive or otherwise obnoxious one, that is the surest way of obtaining its amendment or repeal. But here the astounding proposition is set forth that the law must go because men violate it. Why not advance the same argument with regard to the laws against theft, burglary, arson and murder? They are all violated, and that regularly and systematically.

Not only is nothing said by these opponents of Prohibition concerning the flagrant transgression of the law by Rumsellers, but the latter are held up in the light of martyrs, while those who advocate the proper execution of the law are dubbed "fanatics." All this is wrong as wrong can be. A Prohibitory enactment having been legally adopted, the whole duty of any and every Rumseller is to obey the law and close his bar. If he desires to continue that business, he should remove himself elsewhere, to states where the law still permits the villainous traffic. The man who obeys the law is a good citizen; the man who does not is a criminal, and deserves the fate of criminals. That is all that can be said about it.

Yet not one of these who howl that "Prohibition does not prohibit" but ignores the fact that, against the will of the people, expressed in due legal form, the Rumsellers persist in running their saloons; and these gentry, instead of demanding their punishment as criminals, elevate them to the status of martyrs, shriek for the repeal of the law because these men violate it! There is nothing more absurd than this position. The man who breaks one law is as much a criminal as he who breaks another; law is law, and no good citizen will either violate it, or condone its violation by another.

There may be law-breakers who are entitled to some sympathy. A law that infringes a question of conscience might entitle a sincere sufferer to some sympathy. But no one dare assume that Rum-selling is a matter of conscience. A law against it ought to receive the support of every reputable man in the nation. The saloon-keeper is a public enemy. He pursues an utterly disreputable occupation. He is the one man on earth whose employment stamps him as utterly and entirely conscienceless. He will sell Rum to a father, knowing that he is taking the shoes off his baby. He will sell Rum to a brutal husband, knowing that the chances are nearly even that the Rum will knock the brains out of his wife. Utterly selfish, the money is all he cares for. His net is spread for everybody.

There is not a home which is not in danger from him; there is not a mother of sons who does not fear him, not a father who does not dread him, even though he does not drink himself. He is the curse of our civilization, the pest of society wherever he locates. He is a constant Sabbath-breaker; the foe of religion, the enemy of morality. There is not a principle of good which he does not traverse, not a good thing in life he is not trying to convert into evil. He is the apostle of everything bad. He is the enemy of the Church, the School and the Home.

Nevertheless, when a law is enacted to restrain this malignant public nuisance, men rush to the front and demand that the law shall be repealed because he will violate it, and elevate him to the pedestal of a martyr if he falls under the law's condemnation for his misdeeds; while those who stand up for the home, for the protection of the young, for the crushing of this vile enemy of everything good, are branded as "fanatics," "Puritans," and "Sunday-school" reformers! It is high time this dangerous nonsense, this sloppy sentimentality, were stopped. The man who sells Rum when the law says he shall not, is a criminal just as much as a burglar or a thief is a criminal. He is morally worse than the latter, for the one simply steals property, while the other takes a man's money and gives him that in return that will not only ruin him body and soul, but destroy his home, beggar his children and condemn his wife to a life of hopeless misery.

Prohibition does prohibit and will prohibit if the prohibitory law is executed the same as any other law, as it should be. Its violators must be held to be criminals and must be punished as criminals. There is not one of them whose infernal traffic has not been the cause of vice and crime, for which the seller is as much responsible, in the eyes of GOD, as though he had been himself guilty of it. The Rum-seller is the enemy of the human family, and should be treated the same as any other enemy of law and order is treated. To see that the man who violates a prohibitory law is punished without fear or favor is one thing that must be done to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $5. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

IT is a fact not generally known that there is a large amount of American capital invested in British steamship lines. The reason is plain. Great Britain pays heavy subsidies to her lines, and this government does not. Men naturally put money into the investments that are the most profitable.

THE little-known fact is mentioned that ABRAHAM LINCOLN and JEFFERSON DAVIS once served together under Major ZACHARY TAYLOR in the Black Hawk war. LINCOLN at that time was a member of the Illinois State Guard, and DAVIS was an officer in the regular army.

GEN. BEAUREGARD, of rebel fame, is a resident of New Orleans, but he did not appear in the JEFF DAVIS funeral ceremonies at any point. The old quarrel with DAVIS still rankles in his bosom, evidently.

RAISE CLUBS!

We are now prepared to offer greater inducements to persons raising clubs than ever before. We not only offer greater inducements than we have ever previously, but one that has a good deal of money for those who will get up clubs. Read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

But better than any of the above is our *cash payment* for a club, as set forth in confidential printed instructions which we mail to any one on application. This offers the largest price ever paid for clubs by any paper in the world, either this year or in years gone by.

We want *thousands* of persons to undertake the work of raising clubs for THE BLADE during this month and January. It will pay any one to write for our terms.

As an aid in raising clubs, if you will send a list of persons who do not take THE BLADE, we will mail each one a sample copy of the paper. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

INGERSOLL AND IMMORTALITY.

Col. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, the famous skeptic, has just made himself an object of interest to both friends and foes, by a letter which he has just written on the subject of a future life. A New York lawyer has distributed among his friends a brochure in which he applies to the doctrine of immortality the law of circumstantial evidence; that is, he has examined the matter entirely from the legal point of view, as if it were a question in court. In its elaboration he has exhibited much ingenuity and research, and decides that the evidence justifies a belief in immortality.

A copy was sent to Col. INGERSOLL, and he has written to its author the letter spoken of above. It is written from the agnostic standpoint—let it be remembered that the word "agnostic" simply means "one who does not know," and that an agnostic is one who simply denies because no scientific proof or evidence is forthcoming to compel belief—yet it is considered to have a "tone of admission" that has aroused the strongest attention in New York, as possibly indicating a modification of Col. INGERSOLL'S well-known views on religious subjects. As a matter of interest, we reproduce the letter:

If we admit the existence of a God of infinite wisdom and compassion, we may say that there must be a world better than this; but how do we account for one worse—that is to say, if injustice triumphs here, why not there? If honesty goes without bread in this world, why not in another? Certainly God will be no better than man now.

Still, it may be possible that a God of infinite love and compassion will so reward those who suffer—through unbelief—in this world, that what happens will be consistent with wisdom and compassion.

I do not see any evidence in this world that it was created by either wisdom or compassion. Nor do I see what right we have to say that man has a spiritual body any more than trees have.

The tree springs from a seed; so does man. The trees produce others and then perish from the earth. The same is true of the human race. You have had the courage to accept the logic of your position and give to all life the immortality that Christians give to man. I hardly know the meaning of the words spiritualist and materialist. I don't see that it makes the slightest difference with the argument to admit that everything is spiritual or to assert that everything is material. He who asserts that all is spiritual admits the existence of everything that another calls material, and he who insists that all is material admits the existence of everything that is by the other called spiritual. Call it what you will, it remains beyond the grasp of our minds.

You have endeavored to establish your doctrine by something universal, and you have wisely left the provincialisms, the prejudices, the puerilities of Christianity. Love and hope are universal. As long as men love and as long as men hope there will probably be in the heart and brain the splendid dream of immortality. It may be that we live no more, that we go back to the unconscious dust, and yet I am not sure, I will always say, "Perhaps there is another life." But whether there is or not, let us all paint on the canvas of the future the picture that delights and satisfies the soul. We know and in this world af er joy comes grief, as after day comes night, and it may be there is some world where after grief comes joy, as after night comes day.

While Col. INGERSOLL declares that the idea of immortality can not safely rest upon the inspiration of the Bible, he certainly makes an important admission when he admits as universal these principles which have a basis only when they are considered in connection with immortality; yet his acceptance of the idea that a God of infinite love *may* bring happiness as a reward to those whose earthly lives were bowed down by grief and sorrow, is by no mean equivalent to an admission that Col. INGERSOLL *believes* that He will—or even that a God exists.

However, judging from his letter, there is certainly a change in Col. INGERSOLL'S views; but it is not a change from unbelief to faith, but rather relaxation of the vigor of his skepticism. It seems to us a shifting of base from infidelity to agnosticism. It is as if he no longer declares that there is no God, no soul, no immortality, but while he admits they may exist, he has no proof on the point which he can accept as conclusive.

A FACT worth considering, in view of the President's recommendation that adequate mail subsidies be paid American steamship lines, is that France now pays yearly $4,077,778 in subsidies to her lines of French-built steamships, between her ports and those of the United States, Mexico, the West Indies, South America, China, Japan, India, the British Channel and the Mediterranean. In addition thereto, she pays a bounty by the ton for the building of ships in French yards by French labor. Still further, she pays, for running the ships so built, 30 cents a ton for every 1,000 miles traveled the first year, which payment is reduced one cent a ton each year thereafter. For instance, a 3,000-ton vessel between Havre and New York, making ten trips a year, thus receieves $54,000 the first year, $52,000 the second year, and so on,—besides the mail subsidy. How the free traders would howl at the proposition to adopt such a policy in this country! Yet we must meet that sort of competition, if we desire to increase our American merchant and mail service.

THE President will postpone the opening of the Sioux reservation in Dakota until Congress shall duly provide therefor. To open the lands now would be to invite thousands of people to needless exposure, privation and suffering during the winter in a rigorous climate. If it is opened so as to allow the homesteaders to start in by the time spring plowing begins, it will be much better all around.

THERE is a tang of insincerity in the fulsom effervescence of many of the Southern papers over the death of JEFFERSON DAVIS. We are convinced that if they were to tell the unadulterated truth, they would admit that Mr. DAVIS long ago ceased to have influence in the South, and that public sentiment in that section was leagues in advance of him.

THE Pan-American Congress is going steadily along with its work, but the sessions are secret, and the discussions and conclusions will not be made known until the report of our own representatives is submitted to the President.

BALLOT REFORM is one of the few things whose path will be made smooth before it. The politicians will not dare oppose it, no matter how strongly they object to it.

MR. GRADY'S DEFIANCE.

Mr. HENRY W. GRADY'S speech before the Boston merchants should be read with a great deal of care. His subject was "The Race Problem," and he treated it from the standpoint of a Southern Democrat. His frankness in handling the question was refreshing, for Southern men usually resort to sophistry and equivocation, or else to positive denial, when referring to the indignities heaped upon the blacks, unless they vote the Democratic ticket. In private conversation these same Southerners will admit that the negroes are not permitted to vote the Republican ticket because they outnumber the whites, and their ballots, if cast and fairly counted, would defeat the Democratic nominees. They claim that it is necessary to repress the blacks for the protection of the whites, and assert that this order of things cannot be changed until the whites outnumber the blacks.

Now Mr. GRADY made the same admissions publicly in his speech at Boston. He practically admitted every charge of fraud, intimidation and violence that has been made by Northern Republicans against Democratic management in the South. What is more, he justified this course by the same line of reasoning set forth above.

But he went further and asserted that this state of things would continue to exist, no matter what steps the government might take to secure to the negro the rights guaranteed to him under the constitution. He said:

If there be any human force which cannot be withstood, it is that of the banded intelligence and responsibility of a free community. Upon that the South relies, not upon the cowardly menace of mask or shot-gun. Force bills will not avail. The North may surrender its liberties to federal election law, but never again will a single state, North or South, be delivered to the control of an ignorant and inferior race.

MR. GRADY has been hailed as the representative of the new South. He has, in former addresses, spoke glowingly of the beauties of the Union, of the brushing away of all sectional feeling, of the blotting out of the memories of our late unhappy fraternal strife, and of the substitution of a bond of brotherhood which should know no North, no South, but which should unite men of both sections in one patriotic devotion to the whole country.

All this sounds very fine, and is agreeable reading; but we have already shown in these columns that Mr. GRADY is no more sincere in his patriotic and fraternal expressions than any other Democrat. His utterances quoted above are additional, and ought to be convincing, proof of his insincerity. He is willing that the North should forgive and forget, but his plea for the South is just the same as was urged by the secessionists in 1860—"Let us alone." He still hugs to his breast the memory of the "Lost Cause," and in the present instance has dared to defy the power of the general government to execute any Federal election law in the South.

If, as Mr. GRADY says, the blacks in Georgia "now possess $20,000,000 of property," they are certainly possessed of sufficient intelligence to exercise the right of suffrage, and are entitled to the protection of the general government in the exercise of that right. They do not deserve the title of an "ignorant and inferior" race, for we venture the broad assertion that there are a greater number of negroes who own their own homes in the South than there are whites, in proportion to the total number of each. Owning this property, they are assuredly entitled to cast their ballots in such manner as they shall see fit, unmolested by regulators or Ku-Klux.

Mr. GRADY calls for emigration from the North; but he knows that no Northern man can go down into any state in the South and live, unless he will consent to either keep out of politics entirely, or vote the Democratic ticket. If he is a Republican, and attempts to make Republican speeches, he is looked upon as a person dangerous to a Democratic community, and is either notified to leave the place, or is killed. As for number of the blacks who have been murdered during the past twenty years, only the recording angel knows. They have been shot down like cattle, and the relatives and friends of the dead have been terrorized into silence and submission.

It is time that the federal government took this matter in hand; and the people look to the present Congress to enact such legislation as will secure to every man, North or South, the right to cast his ballot as he pleases, and to have it honestly counted. If such a law is passed, a Republican administration will see that it is executed, notwithstanding Mr. GRADY'S threat that the South will never submit to its operation.

TWENTY Wisconsin farmers have sent a memorial to Congress, which was presented by Senator SPOONER, asking for legislation prohibiting boards of trade, "bucket-shops," other mercantile bodies, and individual persons "from fixing the value of the produce of American farms by sales for future delivery." This is tantamount to the abolition of boards of trade. There seems to be a feeling growing among the farmers against these bodies, though we deem it unfounded. They may not be an unmixed good, but they are certainly not an unmixed evil. When the "bears" dominate the market, the farmers object; but when the "bulls" are whooping prices up, the agriculturists are perfectly satisfied.

A WAVE of influenza is sweeping over Europe. It has just struck Paris, where it assumes the dimensions of an epidemic. Great alarm is felt, as it is believed by many to be the precursor of an epidemic of cholera next year. Stories are told of similar visitations in the winters preceding cholera years. Russia first was swept by the influenza, and thousands are reported as suffering from it in Stockholm. Perhaps it might be as well to take precautionary measures on this side of the Atlantic.

THE late important decision in the alien Mormon cases by the Salt Lake court, to the effect that they shall be refused the right of naturalization, was properly extended by President HARRISON to cover all similar cases, in the following paragraph from his message:

Those who are the avowed enemies of social order, or who come to our shores to swell the injurious influence and to extend the evil practices of any association that defies our laws, should not only be denied citizenship, but a domicile.

ONE of the best reasons why the Blair educational bill should be passed is that the opposition to it from the South is most bitter among those who would keep the negro in ignorance and would not have him educated at all if they could prevent it. With the negro's education will come a full knowledge of his rights before the law and a determination to have them recognized, and the knowledge of this fact explains the motive of the opposition to the Blair bill.

LET the proposition to fund the national debt into long-time, low-rate bonds, so as to afford a basis for national bank circulation, be sat down upon at once. The debt must be paid as quickly as is convenient.

THE Knights of Labor and the Farmers' Alliance have concluded their federation. Their platform incorporates a great many outside issues, among them woman suffrage and free silver coinage.

THE Ways and Means committee should promptly get to work on a tariff revision bill. The people are waiting for it.

A SCIENTIFIC PARADOX.

It is an accepted axiom of physics that no force can be created, nor can any be annihilated; that we can transform one force into another, but we can not add one iota thereto. For instance, we can, by the use of heat, change liquid water into the elastic vapor, steam, which can be used to move an engine, thus turning the heat of the burning coal under the boiler into motion; the engine, in turn, runs a dynamo, and the motion appears as electricity; the latter can be used to produce light and heat, two other modes of motion. But there is a loss at every step of the process, due to imperfection of our methods, and the potential of the resultant electric light or heat is much less than the initial energy stored in the coal.

But is there not an exception to the dictum that there can be no creation of force? A horseshoe-shaped piece of steel, if brought in relation to an electric current, undergoes a change whose nature is not yet understood, by which it becomes a magnet. It acquires a new property—that of attracting iron or steel to itself. Suspend the magnet, and it will cause a fragment of iron to fly upward and adhere to its poles—the ends of the horseshoe. Remove the fragment, and, on placing it again within the magnetic field, it is again attracted. Suppose this fragment of iron weighs one pound. That magnet will hold the pound of iron, against the power of gravity, for an indefinite time. It does not lose its power; in fact, it grows stronger instead of weaker by use. It pulls that pound of iron steadily to itself, by a force that is, so far as we know, eternal. Had CHEOPS, the builder of the Great Pyramid, suspended such a magnet in a sealed chamber in the middle of that enormous structure, with a pound of iron adhering to it, the explorer who first entered that chamber to-day would find the magnet still holding up its load, after 4,000 years.

Here is a result entirely disproportioned to its cause. A minute's exposure to the influence of the electric current imparts a power to the steel horse-shoe which it did not before possess, and that, too, without itself being neutralized. It is a power which persists so long as the horse-shoe exists. It is, as we remarked above, eternal, so far as we can ascertain. Now, consider the actual power required to hold that pound of iron for one day, and multiply it by the 365 days of a year; multiply it by any number of years—4,000, for example, as in the instance cited above—and you will have an expression of force which far exceeds the entire original current of electricity, which created, so to speak, the magnetism in the horse-shoe.

How does this phenomenon agree with the doctrine that force cannot be created? It runs counter to the accepted scientific ideas on the correlation of forces. It is an unsolved problem. If it cannot be explained in accord with the commonly-accepted scientific theory, then that theory must go to the wall. Fortunately, the devotees of "clear-eyed Science," when they meet a fact which does not agree with what are supposed to be scientific truths, do not deny the fact. Nor do they call it a miracle; there are no miracles in physics. They merely abandon the theory they have hitherto accepted, welcome the stubborn fact as a new step in the path of progress, and strive to find a new theory which will embrace it and reconcile it with other previously-ascertained facts. And we feel that in the action of a magnet there is a fact whose relations to the doctrine of the conservation and correlation of force are not yet understood. We should be glad to have them ascertained and made plain.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

The articles we offer in connection with the Weekly BLADE are each and every one good for holiday presents. They are all useful, and in price come within the reach of all.

And a year's subscription to the Weekly BLADE itself is as appropriate a present as one person can give to another. It is not costly, but it is very valuable; it is a Christmas or New Year's gift that would be appreciated by a recipient of either sex, young or old. And of the other articles referred to,

THE BLADE TEA SET is as suitable a gift as you can make to a housekeeper—a husband to a wife, children to a mother, a brother to a sister, or any one to a lady friend. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and it is not only beautiful, but useful. It has already been described fully in THE BLADE.

THE CHAMBER SET comes next, and it is in all respects worthy of the same commendations as the tea set, given above. Read the description given in recent issues of this paper, on page 5, and see for yourself.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE makes a most excellent present—one of the most acceptable you can give a housekeeper. If a husband desires to gladden his wife's heart, this is the gift to make. Read the description of it in this or last week's BLADE.

THE TRENTON WATCH is a very timely gift for your boy at the holidays. It is an excellent time-keeper, is durable, cheap, and nothing will please him better.

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY" and "SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," those two very valuable books by Miss BOUTON, are extremely appropriate gifts for girls. Parents can present nothing that will be more highly appreciated to their daughters, brothers to their sisters (or to somebody else's sister), than either or both these volumes. See "Good Books," on fifth page.

"NASBY IN EXILE" is just the thing for the young people to present to father, and it makes a splendid gift for any one. This beautiful volume formerly cost $3.50, but it is now sold at the very low price of $1.25. We have only enumerated those three books here that we think specially adapted for holiday presents, though we have others that will suit many persons. See "Good Books" on fifth page.

OUR PICTURES.—Lastly, our five 25-cent engravings are just the thing for presents—Millet's "Angelus," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate," and "Christ on Calvary," and Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple." They all are elegant engravings for framing, and make appropriate holiday gifts for any one.

Be quick, however. If you contemplate ordering the tea set, or a stove, send in your order early—at least two weeks before Christmas—because we have to send the order to the manufacturers, which takes time; besides, they are shipped by freight, which goes much more slowly than by express. Watches, books and pictures, however, are sent direct from this office, and always by return mail, hence there is not so much need of haste. The same remark applies to subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE. However, order early, for the mails are burdened just before Christmas with packages, and delays often occur.

SEVERAL months ago, a colored man was appointed postmaster at Abbeville, South Carolina. Nothing has been heard from him since that time till a few days ago he limped into the Postoffice department at Washington, and told his story. He was seized by "regulators" soon after his appointment, hurried into a swamp, and beaten so severely that one leg was broken. Then a forged letter was sent to Washington, declining the appointment. This was supposed to be genuine, and a white man was appointed in his stead. The only wonder was that he was not killed outright. The matter should be examined searchingly, and the men engaged in this devilish deed be punished.

THE grinding tyranny over the poor coal miners in Illinois has been named "Billscottism" by a Peoria paper. An abominable word for an abominable thing.

ROBERT BROWNING DEAD.

The death of ROBERT BROWNING takes from the ranks of men a true poet, whose undeniable poetic gift was marred by an obscure and rhapsodical mode of expression, which repelled many readers. The one poem in which this fault appeared in its worst form was "Sordello," of which several funny stories are told. One is of an English man of letters, who was ill when the book first appeared. During his convalescence he got hold of the work, and, unable to grasp the meaning of the lines, jumped to the conclusion that his brain was affected, and sent in haste for his physician. Another anecdote is of a lady who professed an extraordinary admiration for BROWNING'S poetry to a friend. The latter inquired if she had read "Sordello," to which she gave an enthusiastic affirmative. "Did you understand it?" "Perfectly." The friend picked up the book and read an extract, omitting every other line: "Now do you understand that?" "Most certainly!" And then she began an extravagant encomium upon the poet's style.

This fault of BROWNING extended also to the titles of many of his works; "Bells and Pomegranates," for instance, has not the slightest discoverable relation to any of the poems included in the collection published under that name. "The Red Cotton Nightcap Country" is another instance—the allusion being to the red caps worn ordinarily by the Breton peasants. But despite this overshadowing fault, BROWNING was a true poet, and in the majority of his productions touched notes that find response in the heart and life of every intelligent reader. His death will be regretted by very many, for there is a sad dearth in these latter days of the true poetic gift. There is not one living poet of the first rank, and but few who are in reality on as high a plane as BROWNING himself, despite his mannerisms and obscurely involved expression.

ENGLISH CAPITAL.

The report is confirmed that an English syndicate, having a capital of $100,000,000, has been formed to go into American railroads and manufactories. There are some pepie who are inclined to look upon these English investments with some degree of distavor. There is no reason to do so. It is English money which is coming over to find investment, not English men coming over to drive Americans out of business. These syndicates simply buy out our plants now owned by Americans. The management is, so far as we can learn, always left in the hands of Americans; the Englishmen find they can make more out of their money in this way than by putting it into anything that offers in Great Britain. There is no reason why we should object to this. The money they put into these establishments either simply sets loose an equivalent amount of American capital which can then be put into other enterprises; or it is used to enlarge and extend business. In either case, the American people are the gainers.

There is another thing about this influx of English capital, which is of much interest to American workingmen. This money is very largely put into industries which depend upon the tariff for their existence and prosperity. If the free traders could have their way, this capital would be used in manufacturing in England, and the goods would be sent over here to be sold; the money that would in that case go to English workingmen now goes to pay American workingmen. The United States is the best market in the world. The English are anxious to obtain it, but as the tariff prevents them, they send their money over here to be invested in our own industries. Let it come. It is well invested in giving employment to American labor.

IOWA'S VOTE.

The vote on the governorship in Iowa this year shows conclusively that it was the stay-at-home Republicans who are responsible for BOIES'S election. Here are this year's figures compared with the vote on President in 1888:

	Republican.	Democratic.
1888	175,596	170,887
1889	173,538	180,111

The following analysis proves the point:

Total vote, 1888	391,485
Total vote, 1889	353,689
Decrease of vote	37,836
Republican vote decreased	38,060
Democratic vote increased	224
Republican plurality, 1888	4,709
Republican plurality, 1889	31,711
Democratic plurality, 1889	6,573

Nor will it do to assume that the voters threw away their ballots on the minor candidates. Here are the votes of the third-party Prohibitionists and the Labor tickets at the same two elections:

	Proh.	Labor.
1888	3,550	9,105
1889 (estimated)	1,000	3,500

The Democrats increased their vote 224 over that of last year; but as the decrease of the total vote was 17,836, it is plain that it was almost wholly caused by stay-at-home Republicans. As the pluralities of the other candidates on the Republican state ticket range from 1,581 for lieutenant governor to 8,480 for railroad commissioner, it is evident that thousands of Republican voters did not take enough interest in the contest to go to the polls and record their choice.

THE Democrats in the House of Representatives are by no means harmonious. Though CARLISLE is the putative leader of the minority, there are several Representatives whose cue will be followed on certain occasions, to the ignoring of the Kentuckian's primacy. There are three points on which they will act as an unit—any revision of the rules which will diminish the power of the minority to filibuster to their hearts' content and delay business; the proposed federal election laws, and any attempt to unseat Democrats in the contested-election cases. They are not likely to be united even on tariff measure—the Randall Democrats, however, being but few in number. On the Blair bill there is an irreconcilable division of opinion, many of the Democratic Representatives strongly favoring it, and the same is true of the bill for refunding the direct tax of 1861 to the states. Altogether, the Democratic minority is a somewhat unreliable quantity.

BRAZIL is the only modern nation which has a sanitary regulation of marriages, designed to secure exemption to children from hereditary diseases. Before a marriage can be solemnized, it is necessary that physicians in good standing shall certify that there is no sanitary bar to matrimony on either side. This regulation was rendered necessary to protect the transmission of disease, for scrofula in frightful forms was spreading and increasing terribly. In some districts the stamina of manhood was nearly destroyed. But the example of Brazil in its effort to reach and extirpate the evil is worthy of all commendation, worthy of imitation, too, by other nations, including our own.

THE one resolution passed by the Federation of Labor which will command general sympathy and support is that which draws the labor line at fourteen years of age. Public opinion is against the employment of children at an earlier age, and that limit should be fixed by law. Child labor is far-reaching in its disastrous effects upon the race, for it undermines and breaks down the health of the fathers and mothers of coming generations.

JEFF DAVIS'S coffin was wrapped in a rebel flag. This was appropriate. The grave is the only fit place for the banner of the "Lost Cause." And its grave is one without hope of resurrection. GABRIEL'S trumpet even can not call the dead Confederacy into being again.

A NEW IDEA.

A Scriptural Serial of the Days of Our Savior,

To be Commenced in the Weekly Blade on January 9, by

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

The Famed Author of "Gates Ajar" and Other Works.

A Story That Culminates with the Raising of Lazarus.

We are sure that the simple announcement of a serial story by the famous author of "The Gates Ajar," of which book over 100,000 copies have been sold, is enough to convince our half-million readers that they will have, in it alone, a feature worth more than the subscription price of THE BLADE for the entire year.

The stories which are of the greatest interest to the masses are those dealing with great moral or religious questions. The success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ben Hur," "Robert Elsmere," and others, is proof positive on this point. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS'S grand success in "The Gates Ajar" is an assurance that this new story will be well worth perusal. It is called

"COME FORTH!"

It is a story of Judea during the lifetime of our Savior, and culminates with the miracle of the raising of LAZARUS—its title being the words of CHRIST on that occasion.

The Sunday school children all over the world will commence the study of the life CHRIST in the International Sunday school lessons of January. This serial will be helpful in the greatest degree to them, for it will give them a vivid idea of the daily life of the people among whom the Savior lived and moved during the days of His earthly ministry. It will bring Him and His disciples nearer to its readers, in giving them a fuller idea of the manners and customs of the people of the Holy Land.

Don't fail to renew your subscription so as to read this splendid Scriptural story.

GEN. CHALMERS HAS A BILL.

Gen. CHALMERS, of Mississippi, has prepared a Federal election bill which seems to meet the requirements of the case of the negroes in the South better than any of the measures which have yet been introduced. It gives an opportunity for preventing fraudulent voting before the election, rather than deciding against a fraudulently elected candidate after the ballots are cast. Its provisions are applicable to every state in the Union, although, naturally, the protection they give would only be sought in those states where fraud and intimidation have been practiced.

So strongly impressed with the efficacy of this bill is Senator CHANDLER, that he will offer it in the Senate, although he has himself already presented a similar measure.

Gen. CHALMERS, it will be remembered, was forced off the track for the governorship of Mississippi last fall, because the Bourbons there would not allow Republican speakers any halls in which to hold their meetings, and he is now a contestant for a seat in the House. He certainly has had a deal of experience in being hounded because he was a Republican, and he knows thoroughly the methods employed by the Democrats in the South to prevent the polling and counting of Republican votes. It is probable that he will be awarded the seat which he contests and then he will make it interesting by his speeches for some of the Bourbon Southern members.

THE Rutland, Vt., *Herald* published a 4,000-word synopsis of the President's message, and then interviewed several hundred of its readers as to the attention they gave it, with the following result:

	Per cent.
Read entire message	11
Read portions of message	56
Didn't read message at all	26
Didn't notice the message	6
Read press comments	37
Didn't read comments	17

This is a queer showing, yet we suppose it is fairly true of the treatment of the message by people everywhere. Only one-ninth read it entire, one-half read portions, and over one-fourth had not enough interest in national questions to read it at all. No wonder political tricksters can thrive, when men give so little attention to current politics.

OUR Democratic brethren oppose the proposed reduction of the only "war tax" left—the internal revenue—by removing it from tobacco, on the ground that tobacco is a "luxury," not a "necessity." JAMES G. BLAINE

CONGRESS CELEBRATES

The Centennial of President Washington's Inauguration.

In pursuance of a resolution adopted by Congress in February last, the two houses met in the Hall of Representatives on December 11 to hold centennial exercises in commemoration of the inauguration of the first President.

This was in the nature of a supplemental proceeding to the great centennial celebration held on the 30th of April in the city of New York, where President Washington

first took the oath of his high office. It was literally a gathering of the nations, and through the foreign legations, resident in Washington, all were officially represented.

Added to these were the delegates from the Central and South American republics, accredited to the Pan-American congress, now in session, and the members of the Marine conference. There were also present the governors of about 20 states, drawn hither for consultation in regard to memorializing congress for the erection of a centennial memorial building at Philadelphia, a matter that was first suggested at the meeting of the governors of the original thirteen states, in 1887.

The galleries were packed. Shortly before 1 o'clock the House of Representatives notified the Senate that it was in session.

In a few minutes the Senate, preceded by the President and the Vice President, the members of the Diplomatic corps in their brilliant uniforms, and the Justices of the Supreme court of the United States in their official robes, entered the hall of the House. They were escorted to the seats reserved for them in front of the speaker's desk.

Vice President Morton took the speaker's chair and gavel and at 1 o'clock called the two houses to order in joint session. The marine band, which was stationed in the south corridor, rendered appropriate music.

Rev. Dr. J. G. Butler, the Senate chaplain, opened the services with prayer.

Chief Justice Fuller, of the Supreme court of the United States, then delivered his oration on the progress of America.

In beginning his oration, Chief Justice Fuller said:

By the terms of that section of the act of congress under which we have assembled in futher commemoration of the historic inauguration of the first President of the United States, George Washington, the 30th of April, A. D., 1889, was declared a national holiday and in the noble city where that event took place its centennial anniversary has been celebrated with a magnificence of speech and song, of multitudinous assembly, and of naval, military and civil display, accompanied by every manifestation of deep love of country, of profound devotion to the institutions, and of intense appreciations of the virtues and services of that illustrious man whose assumption of the chief magistracy gave the assurance of the successful setting in motion of the new government.

Washington had become first in war, not so much by victories over the enemy, or by success in strategy, as by the triumphs of a constancy which no reverse, no hardship, no incompetency, no treachery, could shake or overcome.

He had become first in the hearts of his countrymen, because the people comprehended the greatness of their leader and recognized in him an entire absence of personal ambition, an absolute love of country, of themselves, and of mankind.

He had become first in peace, by bringing to the charge of the practical working of the system he had participated in creating, on behalf of the people, whose independence he had achieved, the same serene judgment, the same sagacity, the same patience, the same sense of duty, the same enlightened comprehension of the end to be attained that had marked his career from the beginning.

The orator alluded but briefly to the brilliant war record of Gen. Washington, but in elegant words portrayed the growth and value of Republican institutions under the administration of President Washington.

Referring to the fear of arbitrary power in respect to the presidential office, Justice Fuller said:

But no fear, no jealousy, could be entertained of him who had indignantly repelled the suggestion of the bestowal of kingly power; who had unsheathed the sword with reluctance, and laid it down with joy; who had never sought official position, but accepted public office as a public trust, in deference to an unanimous a demand for his services as to convince him of the necessity; whose patriotism embraced the whole country, the future grandeur of which his prescience foresaw. * * * * * *

Of the future greatness of the new nation, Washington had no doubts. He, saw, as if face to face, that continental domain which shimmered to others as through a glass darkly.

In referring to the international relations existing between the United States and foreign nations, Justice Fuller said:

It is a matter of congratulation that the first year of our second century witnesses the representatives of the three Americas engaged in the effort to increase the facilities of commercial intercourse, consulting the natural course of things, diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of intercourse, but forcing nothing, success in which must knit closer the ties of fraternal friendship, and bring the people of the two Americas and continents in harmonious control of the hemisphere.

The orator then went into an exhaustive review of the constitution and the amendments thereto, and cited the civil war as a searching test of the wisdom and lasting quality of our form of government. In a brilliant peroration the Chief Justice said:

And so the new century may be entered upon in the spirit of optimism, the natural result, perhaps, of a self-confidence which has lost nothing in substance by experience, though it has gained in the moderation of its impetuosity; yet an optimism essential to the accomplishment of great ends, not blind to perils, but bold in the fearlessness of a faith, whose very consciousness of the limitations of the present, asserts the attainability of the unfraveled world of a still grander future.

No ship can sail forever over summer seas. The storms it has weathered test and demonstrate its ability to survive the storms to come, but storms there must be until there shall be no more sea. Ruin, as amid tempests in which our ship of state was launched, and in the times succeeding, so in the times to come, with every exigency, constellations of illustrious men will rise under the angry skies to control the whirlwind and dispel the clouds by their potent influences, while from the "clear upper sky" the steady light of the great planet marks out the course the vessel must pursue, and stts shining on the sails as it comes grandly into the haven where it would be.

Rev. W. H. Milburn, the house chaplain, delivered a benediction, and while the Marine band played national airs the assemblage dispersed.

JEFF DAVIS'S FUNERAL.

A Tremendous Demonstration at New Orleans.

The day of Davis's funeral, Dec. 11, notwithstanding the threatening and oppressive character of the weather for days previously, could not have been more propitious or beautiful. The sun burst forth and a beautiful Southern summer day dawned for the obsequies of the rebel chieftain. The city was crowded with many thousands of people, representing ave prominence, the wealth and chivalry of the Southern states. Six or seven governors were there, attended by their staffs and bringing with them great delegations of people.

The town was draped from one end to the other with most elaborate black. Business fronts and residences that were barren of mourning emblems previously were covered, and every bit of bunting in the city was flying. The stars and stripes were at half-mast over the city hall and the Confederate flag was seen in many places, one being used to cover the coffin.

As soon as the doors of the city hall were opened, a stream of visitors began to pour through the death chamber, to take a farewell view of the remains of the notorious confederate leader. The crowd of visitors was even greater than that of the day before, there being hundreds of people from abroad whose visit to the city had been delayed. It was not until 11:30 o'clock that the lid of the casket closed down forever upon the features of the dead.

The remains were then conveyed to the front of the city hall building, where the simple but impressive rites of the Episcopal church were performed.

Lafayette Square in front of the city hall, and the streets were densely packed with people, and the balconies and every available space from which the pageant could be viewed was fairly packed with people.

By universal request Mr. Davis was given a military funeral; in addition to which numerous civic and other organizations combined to render the cortege in all respects most imposing, not only with reference to numbers, but in the pomp and circumstances of its elaborate ceremonial.

There participated in the obsequies of the father of the confederacy, besides the veterans of the lost cause, who were once again called upon to close up their decimated ranks, many gallant soldiers whose unflinching valor, displayed on numerous hotly contested fields, resulted, not unfrequently, in both glory and victory to "The stars and stripes."

The streets, baaquets, and every available place from which either an unobstructed or partial view could be had of the portico of the municipal building, were crowded to almost suffocation.

During all this time the air was laden with funeral dirges, the solemn requiem of the bells was heard on every hand, and louder and deeper were the sounds of minute guns that at intervals thundered forth their deep-mouthed tribute to the dead.

The body, notwithstanding the very warm and exceptionally oppressive weather of the past week, was remarkably well preserved. The countenance presented an expression of repose.

Inside the rebel chieftain will be reposed in his coffin in the morning presented just such a picture as those who knew and loved him in life would like best to cherish in their memories.

At 12:10 the casket was conveyed from the memorial room to an improvised catafalque in the center of the front portico, whose massive pillars were entwined with a profusion of crepe.

Over the casket was thrown the stars and bars, the emblem of the lost cause, as also the glittering sabre with which the dead soldier had fought on the crimson fields of Chapultepec and Monterey.

Immediately surrounding the coffin were the clergy and armed sentries, they being the only persons admitted to a place on the portico during the service. The relatives of the deceased were assigned to seats in the mayor's parlor, from the windows of which they were enabled to witness the ceremonies.

The obsequies, which were according to the ritual of the Episcopal church, were conducted by Bishop Gallicher, assisted by by five officiating clergymen of various denominations, as follows:

Father Hubert, Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Davis, rector at Biloxi, Miss., Rev. Dr. Markham, Rev. Mr. Bakewell and Rev. Mr. Martin. There were altogether fully 20 surpliced ministers, besides the attendance of numerous clergy of different denominations from the various Southern states.

A surpliced choir of 30 voices, accompanied by the organ, rendered the anthem "Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death," after which Bishop Gallcher made an address. He said:

When we utter our prayers to-day, for those who are distressed in mind; when we lift our petitions to the Most Merciful and ask a benediction on the desolate, we remember that one household above others is bitterly bereaved and that hearts closely knitted to our own are deeply distressed.

For the master of Beauvoir lies dead under the drooping flag of the saddened city; the light of his dwelling has gone out and left it lonely for all days to come.

Surely we grieve with those who wept tender tears of heavy pain and trouble, and there is not a sign of the gulf breeze that sways the swinging moss on the cypress trees sheltering their home but finds an answer in our burdened breathing.

We recall with sweet sympathy the wifely woe that can be measured only by the sacred depths of wifely devotion; and our hearts go traveling across the heaving Atlantic seas to meet and comfort, if we might, the child who, coming home, shall for once not be able to bring all the sweet spie dors of the sunshine with her.

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS.

The Wonderful Endurance of a Great Engineering Work.

How many of the engineering works of the Nineteenth century will there in existence in the year 6000? Very few, it is feared, and still less those that will continue in the far-off age to serve a useful purpose. Yet there is at least one great undertaking conceived and executed by an engineer, which, during the space of 4,000 years, has never ceased its office, on which the life of a fertile province absolutely depends to-day. We refer to the Bahr Jousef—the canal of Joseph—built, according to tradition, by the son of Jacob, and which constitutes not the least of the many blessings he conferred on Egypt during the years of his prosperous rule. This canal took its rise, as given in *Engineering*, from the Nile at Asiut, and ran nearly parallel with it for nearly two hundred and fifty miles, creeping along under the western cliffs of the Nile's valley, with many a bend and winding, until at length it gained an eminence, as compared with the riverbed, which enabled it to turn westward through a narrow pass and enter a district which was otherwise shut off from the fertilizing floods on which all vegetation in Egypt depends. The northern end stood seventeen feet higher than low Nile, while at the southern end it was at an equal elevation with the river. Through this cut ran a perennial stream, which watered a province named the Fayoum, endowing it with fertility and supporting a large population.

In the time of the annual flood a great part of the canal was under water, and then the river current would rush in a more direct course into the pass, carrying with it the rich silt which takes the place of manure, and keeps the soil in a state of constant productiveness. And this, with the exception of the tradition that Joseph built it, can be verified to-day, and it is not mere supposition or rumor. Until eight years ago it was firmly believed that the design has always been limited to an irrigation scheme, larger, no doubt, than that now in operation, as shown by the traces of abandoned canals, and by the slow aggregation of waste water which had accumulated in the Birket el Queran, but still essentially the same in character.

Many accounts have been written by Greek and Roman historians, such as Herodotus, Strabo, Mutianus and Pliny, and repeated in monkish legends or portrayed on the maps of the Middle Ages, which agreed with the folklore of the district. These tales explained that the canal dug by the ancient Israelite served to carry the surplus water of the Nile into an extensive lake lying south of the Fayoum, and so large that it not only modified the climate, tempering the arid winds of the desert and covering them into the balmy airs which nourished the vines and olives into a fullness of fragrance unknown in any part of the country, but also added to the food supply of the land such immense quantities of fish that the royal prerogative of the right of piscary at the great weir was rented at $250.000 annually.

This lake was said to be 450 miles round, and to be navigated by a fleet of vessels, while the whole circumference was the scene of industry and prosperity.

A $165,000,000 PAY-ROLL.

The Actual Number of People Who Work for the Government.

An accomplished statistician has just completed a series of interesting calculations, showing the total number of persons employed in all manner of capacities by the United States government.

The results of his calculations show that there are 88.000 employed in all branches of the postal service alone, and 62,000 others filling positions in the legislative, judicial and miscellaneous divisions of the government, with some 35,000 privates in the army, navy and marine corps, and between 12,000 and 15,000 men and boys who gain their livelihood from the government for work directly incident to the increase of the navy and the construction of heavy guns, making a grand total of about 200,000 persons enrolled in the service of Uncle Sam.

The number who would like to add themselves to this vast army, in the experience of the active politicians, is something like 6,000,000 or 8,000,000 more, says the Philadelphia *Press*. The postal employes comprise, in addition to the clerks at the Post Office department, all mail contractors, mail messengers, clerks in the railway mail service, postmasters, with their assistants, and letter carriers. In the military and naval list proper only the names of officers are given, while the privates are not counted.

There are 25,000 of them in the army 8 250 in the navy, and 2,000 in the marine corps. The civil service branch includes, besides the postoffice people, all employes subordinate to the executive departments, the officials of congress, all the secondary and independent bureaus, the government printing office, the Smithsonian institute and national museum, all the Indian agencies, mints, custom houses, all the benevolent and philanthropic institutions in Washington and the government of the District of Columbia.

Taking the statistician's estimate of the average salary received by all the government's servants, not counting the privates in the army, navy and marine corps, the annual pay-roll aggregates not less than $165,000,000

Assuming that out of the 65,000,000 inhabitants of the United States at least 26,000,000 are grown-up persons, men and women, there would seem to be only one officeholder in every circle of 157 grown persons, and one officeholder in every collection of 393 men, women and children.

Will Take 'Em Back.

Kearney Enterprise.

I have kissed her in the gloaming,
When alone we both were roaming,
I have kissed her forty-levn times or more;
But those very self-same kisses,
Better than a world of blisses,
I'll take back when I get rid of this cold sore.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Deliver Us.

Exchange.

Although 'gainst lovely woman cynics prate,
Men know it is her nature to be true,
And certainly her virtue should be great,
Since frequently it must suffice for two.

So Do We All of Us.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The prospectus of Miss Kate Field's forthcoming journal says: "From an impartial public I hope for support in the guise of subscription, advertising and suggestion." The public, dear Kate, will keep your cellar full of suggestions, but you'll have to hustle for the pumpkins and wood.

His Qualification.

Munsey's Weekly.

Sumway—I am in hopes of getting an appointment in the Agricultural department.

Maddock—What qualifications have you? You don't know anything about agriculture, do you?

Sumway—Well, I'm getting pretty seedy.

Can't Uncle Sam Afford as Much?

Boston Journal.

The British Admiralty board has begun to expend the $100,000,000 asked for not long ago to build a new naval contingent of 70 "more modern" war vessels.

Col. Bob's Atheism.

Chicago Tribune.

It is surely not forgotten that Col. Bob Ingersoll once said: "In the dark night of death hope sees a star, and listening love may catch the rustle of a wing." His latest utterances, upon which excitable correspondents base the statement that he is becoming a convert to Christianity, are no stronger in that direction than the words we have quoted. There has always been a string tied to the colonel's atheism.

The White Horse Perplexed.

Albany Express.

The new color of Patti's hair is the shade that makes the white horse feel doubtful whether he ought to follow or not.

Nobody Knew.

Puck.

As he stalked down the street in his ulster so fine,
Proud of bearing and haughty of clance,
Nobody knew that his coat was a shine,
That his trousers were three-dollar pants.

A Serious Love Spell.

Chicago Herald.

A youngiady sings in our choir
Whose hair is the color of phoir;
But her beauty's unique,
She has such a fair chique
That I always enjoy sitting thoir.

Some day I'll complete my design
And ask the fair maid to be migh.
If she's not a coquette,
Which I'd greatly regruette,
I shall wed her for whom I now pign.

Canada is So Generous.

Detroit Tribune.

Canada would rather have free trade—in *this* country—than anything else. It would be a bonanza to Canada.

The Dead Together.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Confederate flag lay across the coffin of Jefferson Davis. Never before was its meaning so profound.

Mexico.

Yenowine's News.

Says she'll join the Yankee nation
If we'll furnish irrigation,
That's a pretty good suggestion;
What she'll have is now the question;
Beer or whisky? wine or brandy?
Or a swig of Rio Grande?

Precocious Financier.

Buffalo Advertiser.

They tell in New York of a little boy who is looked upon in his circle as a born financier. He makes good his claim to the title by charging his little sister 20 per cent a month for loans made her out of his pocket money. This thrifty and prudent child, if he lives to maturity and envelopes on the lines of his congenital defect, may become an exaggerated "old Hutch"—possibly the Jay Gould of the next generation. But we think little monsters like him should be destroyed by the board of public health and morals.

Wisdom of Youth.

Munsey's Weekly.

"Two from one you can't," said the teacher.

"Yes, you can," said Johnny. "You can take two apples from one boy, I know, 'cuz you done it to me."

A Winter Terror.

New York Press.

Now the weather's growing colder,
Hints of winter in it lurk;
Soon the car stove, growing bolder,
Will be getting in its work.

Three Bad Cuts.

Philadelphia Record.

To cut a man off from commerce with his fellow-man is to Boycott him.
To cut his wind is to Tascott him,
To cut him out of his salary is to Silcott him.

Only Its Name Fireproof.

New York Press.

With truth we sigh, "What's in a name?"
So oft 'tis meaningless, we find;
The "fireproof building" burns the same
As does the less exalted kind.

Strange Request.

New York Journal.

When Stanley was on his way to Africa to undertake this last great journey he wrote to a friend: "Don't believe any report of my death unless I send it myself." Does the explorer believe in communications from the spirit-land?

Hard on Papa.

Texas Siftings.

Mother—Do you know, Bobby, who wrote the story of the loaves and fishes I've been reading you?

Bobby—No; but it sounds a good deal like pa.

'Ligion and de Niggor.

Belford's Magazine.

Fo you clam up to de Angles you got to lef your sin,
Fo you holler in de meetin you must be borned ergin,
Fo you rassel wid de Scripcher you got to be baptise,
Un gie de watermillion chance, un lef off telling lies.
Den you gin to snif do breeses dat is long de heabnly parf,
Siffen all the wheat out fur yourself, un 'scusin dat what's charf.

Given to Sectionalism.

Atlanta Constitution.

It is said there is no sectional feeling in Chicago. Is it possible, then, that the *Tribune* and *Inter-Ocean* do not represent in their columns the sentiments of the people of Chicago? There never was and never will be an organ of public opinion in New York as bitter against the south as these two representative Chicago newspapers.

Love for Revenue Only.

Kearney Enterprise.

If you hear a young and pretty American girl singing "When I can read my title clear," don't think she is religiously inclined. Oh, no, her thoughts are across the water.

And William Did.

Exchange.

She was a simple country lass,
And William, on a brief vacation,
More pleasantly the time to pass.
Essayed flirtation;
And as they walked in twilight dim,
And near the time for parting drew,
Asked if she'd like to have from him
A billet-doux.

Of French this simple maid knew nought,
But doubting not 'twas something nice,
Upon its meaning gravely thought.
Then, in a trice,
Upward she turned her pretty head;
Her rosy lips together drew
With purpose plain, and coyly said,
"Yes, Billy, do!"

A Brilliant Effort.

New York Tribune.

A recent brilliant effort of Dr. Talmage is thus commented on by the *Congregationalist*: "As a striking psychological fact, perhaps, none is more worthy of notice than a recent sermon by Dr. Talmage announced as cabled from Italy. The doctor always speaks without notes, and, it is said, is accompanied by a stenographer to take down his brilliant sayings. We doubt if any other minister could thus have reproduced exactly, and, no doubt, unconsciously, a sermon published as his more than fifteen years ago."

Nothing Slow About Him.

New York Mail and Express.

By the way, what has become of the sapient individuals who were, a short time ago objecting to the election of Thomas B. Reed as speaker because he was "too indolent?"

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXXVIII.

THE RIDE OF JENNIE M'NEAL.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Paul Revere was a rider bold—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—
Often it has been dwelt upon.
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie McNeal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous height of the neutral ground,
In a cottage, cosy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all of the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for 15 years.

With vim her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing;
And while the friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell;
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall,
Looked solemnly quick to lead her call;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true.

So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie McNeal.
One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds lingered over head,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door,
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.

Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed;
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, "Madame, please give us a bite to eat;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pourihg our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel abed.

He is visiting home, as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear,"
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close watched the while by Jennie McNeal.
For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near
Had been her true friend, kind and dear;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee.

And told her stories many a one
Concerning the late war lately done.
And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he had taught to her;
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride;
And once had said, "The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me."

So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie McNeal.
With never a thought or a moment more,
Bareheaded she slipped from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hill and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.

Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the cassoless storm;
Secure and tight a gloveless hand
Grasped the rein with stern command;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed.
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie McNeal.

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper cried, said
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle rein,
So into the darkness the gray horse strode;
His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road;

And the high born courage that never dies
Flashed from the rider's oval black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
The rain-drops grasped at the glowing face.
"On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie McNeal,
"Halt!" came from the rear the voice of dread;
"Halt! or you blood be on your head!"

Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right;
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter-peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie McNeal.

So on she rushed, at her own good-will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill;
The gray horse did his duty well.
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed with the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle rein;

And gently bidding him to stand,
Patted him with her able hand;
Then sprung again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted, "One more trial now!"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap.

No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie McNeal.
They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,
Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain,
Her cheek as pale as the cloud it rained with rain,
But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
And her eyes as bright as the blazing star.

And shouted, "Quick! be quick, I say!"
They come! they come! Away! away!"
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie McNeal.
The startled colonel sprung, and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright
And glided into the storm and night;

Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came marching in,

And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown.
And I who have scared him from his nest;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed, and said,
"Never you bold a moment's dread.
Of womankind I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen.

Wear this gold ring as your valor's due;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, true-hearted Jennie McNeal.

N. Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS-IONS.

One scent—Cologne.
Cash fish—C. O. D.
Headquarters—Pillows.
Horseradish—The sorrel.
Back gammon—Bustles.
A fashionable swell—Gout.
Usually found out—Police.
A special train—The bride's.
A rise in real estate—Volcano.
Peri tiluminations—Fairy lights.
Good for a scent—The fox hounds.
Speak by the card—Fortune tellers.
The fisherman's bank—Newfoundland.
Egyptian preserves—Mummies.
Always go to seed—Canaries.
A good idea—Missionary work.
A remnant of Time—1889.
The "good time coming"—Christmas.
"Tells a flattering tale"—Jenkins.
An ecclestastical point—The church steeple.
Florida water—The St. John's river.
"Just as good as a play"—The comedy.
Always in the middle—The bull's eye.
Something of a flour show—Biscuits.
Live by hook or crook—Ragpickers.
A Hale fellow—The Senator from Maine.
Not necessarily stolen—Poached eggs.
Relative-ly speaking—"How's grandma?"
Give everybody the shake—Chills and fever.
Anybody can see through it—The lorgnette.
Where nobody walks—On the railroad pass.
A good all-round instrument—The tambourine.

Fanny Davenport's Superstition.

Chicago Tribune.

Notwithstanding her collec ion of jewels, Fanny Davenport never affects any jewelry in private life excepting a large and curious carbuncle ring and a silver-headed scarf pin, with which she fastens the neck of her dress. She has had this pin for 15 years, and considers that if it should be lost it would bring her ill-luck. She is also a believer in the horseshoe superstition and carries with her a shoe found on Mount Taline in California.

Rambling, Roving and Ruminating.

New York Sun.

There is a certain man who is continually going back and forth on the ferry-boats between Statan Island and this city. On board the boat he has a habit of pacing up and down the ladies' cabin to the great annoyance of some and curiosity of others of the passengers.

"A harmless crank, I suppose," remarked a man to his friend a day or two ago.

"Harmless? Why, that is Dr. Burchard."

THE SEVEN BIBLES.

The Pentateuch is the Oldest in the World's History.

The seven bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scripture of the Christians, says a writer in the Orange (N. J.) *Journal*.

The Koran is the most recent of the five, dating from about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testaments and from the Talmud. The Tri Pitikes contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the word "kings" meaning web of cloth. From this it is presumed that they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from the sages on the duties of life, but they can not be traced further back than the eleventh century before our era.

The Vedas are the most ancient books in the language of the Hindoos, but they do no not, according to late commentators, antedate the twelfth century before the Christian era.

The Zendavesta of the Persians, next to our Bible, is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ. Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch 1,500 years before the birth of Christ; therefore, that portion of our Bible is at least 300 years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings.

The Eddas, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was first given to the world in the fourteenth century.

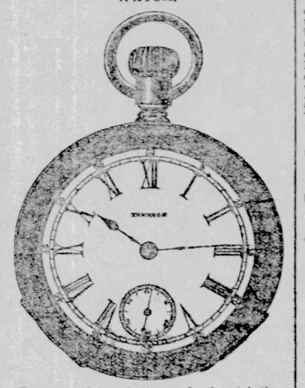
Once is Enough.

Philadelphia Press.

You do not have to try it twice
Once makes the nuisance end;
Attempt to swallow the advice
You offer to a friend.

Publishers' Column.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and took for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—Charles Wesley, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The three divines	50
The four generals	65
The entire set of seven	1 00

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube *at only 25 cents each*. When framed they are fine enough or anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Agelus," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, duties and all, over $150,000. Printed on heavy plate paper; size 24x38.

Either or all of above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

OUR CLUB LIST

We have arranged to club the BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

	Their Price	With BLADE
WEEKLIES.		
Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 25
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 25
Scientific American	3 00	3 60
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 25
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 05
Am. Bee Journal	1 00	1 35
Orange Judd Farmer	1 00	1 35
Rural New Yorker	2 50	2 50
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake	3 00	3 40
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 55
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 05
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 35
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 15
Arthurs' Home Magazine	2 00	2 50
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 25
Ballard's Musical World	1 50	2 10
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	3 40
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 70	3 05
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 05
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 40
The Century	4 00	4 35
Scribner's Monthly	3 00	3 50
Harper's Young People	2 00	2 60

We stipulate that we must receive AT THE SAME time one subscriber to the BLADE for each copy of any other paper ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, or even to the same postoffice.

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO OHIO.

AGENTS, SALESMEN, CLERKS, LADIES—Every one can make big money with or without canvassing. $100 per month to that amount weekly. Greatest, most profitable and easiest opportunity to make money. Reliable parties started on salary and Commission. For such we supply the capital. Address M. MILLER, Manager, Box 2152, New York Postoffice.

"NO PRESENT IS COMPARABLE TO A GOOD BOOK or a subscription to a first-class magazine like WIDE AWAKE."

Send postal to D. Lothrop Co., Boston, for illustrated Descriptive List of Books and Prospectus of the Lothrop Magazines, free; or send subscriptions as follows:

Wide Awake. $2.40 a year. The Pansy. $1.00 a year. Babyland. 50c a year.

Our Little Men and Women. $1.00 a year.

All postage free. You can have

The Best Christmas Gift for 20 cents.

The Great Christmas Wide Awake delivered to any address.

Sufferers from youthful folly, write Box 501, Youngstown, O., and learn how a sufferer was cured.

ACTON Med. Co., Wash. D. C., Parts Enlarged. Emissions, Abuse, Varicocele quickly cured. FREE TRIAL, 10c. stamps.

Old-Fashioned GREENBACKS, $5, $10, $20. Samples free. Address C. C. McDONALD, WELDON, N. C.

A $65.00 Sewing Machine! For $18.00. Black Walnut Furniture Cover, Drop Leaf, 5 Drawers and Full Set of Attachments. Warranted. 4 lb Tea or Family Scale, $1.00. 1,000 other Articles ½ to ¼ usual prices. Send for Catalogue. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago.

GOOD BOOKS

Published by the Toledo Blade Co.

REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books will be listed cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Susscribers in renewing for the BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without the BLADE, at the following prices:

NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.25, or with WEEKLY BLADE, one year, $2.10.

STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE," by Nasby paper. Retail price, 50c. Will mail copy postpaid, for 25c., or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.10.

"EKKO S HOME, KENTUCKY," by Nasby; "ABOU BEN ADHEM," by D. R. Locke; "A PAPER CITY," novel by D. R. Locke; same prices and terms with or without BLADE as "SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE."

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES," cloth, 600, pp. Retail price, $2.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year, for $2.00.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $1.80.

"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year, for $1.80.

Address,

THE BLADE, Toledo, O

10,000 AMERICAN STEM WINDING WATCHES TO BE GIVEN FREE

We will give 10,000 Stem Winding and Stem Setting American Watches FREE to those who will assist us in procuring new subscribers to our

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

Some Moralizings on Two Recent Examples Thereof.

TWO things have been aired in the newspapers within the last week that make me ashamed of my sex, or rather of that portion which is represented by the two women who have figured in the events which have occupied so prominent a place in the telegraphic columns. No doubt many will look upon the one as very grand and heroic and full of the devotion which leads to martyrdom, while the other will be sympathized with because of the blighting of Love's young dream in so untoward a manner.

To be more specific. We are told that Silcott, the man who, in Washington, managed to get hold of thousands of the dollars with which congressmen were to be paid their salaries, and then departed for shores where nought but rumors could reach and punish him, left behind a wife in the capital city to be looked at and remarked upon as belonging to a man who has proved himself utterly lacking in all principle. He was not one who fell under the stress of some sudden temptation. A measure of sympathy can be extended to such, and the mantle of charity be laid over his sin for we may not measure the struggle that preceded the fall. When, however, the wrong-doing has been persistent as in this case—when every sacred tie has been openly and shamelessly violated, when he paraded his infidelity to his wife before the world, as it is stated that he did, then mawkish sentimentality is out of place.

Mrs. Silcott can hardly have been entirely ignorant of his sins against her. Even had she been, she has learned since his flight, of how openly he has outraged her womanhood, of how he has squandered not only what belonged to her as much as to him, but also the substance of others, and yet we are told that she says she will "follow him if she has to go upon her hands and knees." She is so overwhelmed by his generosity in leaving some money for her to live upon awhile, instead of following the usual order, that she will be his dog, for that is the spirit of subserviency in an animal. She is a woman, a wife, who has been openly and repeatedly outraged, and so far no evidence has appeared that he regrets his course. It seems to me that her woman's self-respect would hold her at least silent, awaiting the time when she could without degradation resume her place at his side.

No one has a greater reverence than I for the devotion that holds a wife true to the husband she loves and who loves her, through misfortune, through sickness, through poverty, till death; for that spirit of self-abnegation that will keep her by his side even when the world condemns him for wrong-doing and when to do do so involves for her the deepest suffering and disgrace. I admire the heroism that will keep her tender and loving in thought and word even if she has been sinned against, providing that the sin has been confessed and repented of, but I have no sympathy, no reverence, no admiration for the woman whose honor has been openly trampled in the dust; who has been shamed and insulted in the most brazen manner by the vilest conduct about which he seems not to have had the slightest conscience, and then, accepting it all, is willing to give him an opportunity to repeat his treatment. There is no heroism in it. It is false and unwomanly; it is weakness and cowardly. If she imagines that to "go to him upon her hands and knees" under such circumstances will bring his love back to her, bitter will be her disappointment. He may accept her presence as he would his dog. He may accept her service but he will despise her, and she will deserve to be despised.

The other woman to whom I referred is the Miss Gwendoline Caldwell who was engaged to marry Prince Murat, which engagement is now said to be broken because he has been unable to gain possession of the controlling power in her money matters. She is very wealthy, and as in most of these marriages of titled foreigners with rich American girls, her money was undoubtedly the primary attraction. In fact, he has proved that it was so, for when he finds that her lawyers refuse to give him the absolute control of two-thirds of her income, he is angry, and tells her, with the most brutal frankness, that because of that he will not marry her. And in the face of this mercenary conduct, she still maintains that she loves him, that the marriage is only delayed, and more of that sort of folly. If she is in earnest, as undoubtedly she is, she simply says in so many words that she is willing to sell herself for a title. It is true that she will insist upon a marriage ceremony to make it respectable in the eyes of the world, but she is really no more true, and no more womanly than those of her sex who sell themselves for money without the ceremony. If she loves him, as she claims, now when he has proven his own motives, delicacy, the instincts of a pure womanhood, would keep her silent until she could conquer the feeling. The truth is, however, it is not love which animates her, but the ambition to wed a title, to be known as the wife of a prince, who is only a man at best, and judging from his conduct, an ignoble specimen of his kind. Little wonder is it that foreigners hold American women so cheaply. Little wonder that they have small confidence in republican ideas so far as social life is concerned, when they see how eager—nay, anxious—are Americans to barter beauty, youth, culture, wealth, all for a title, when often that title is worn by one whose moral character is revolting and who has neither money, nor good looks and fine manners to recommend him.

In most cases the title won is a dearly bought distinction. It cannot make up for neglect, for cruelty, for unfaithfulness. It cannot be the home, family, and friends which she has given up to go among strangers. Unless she is absolutely heartless, the day will come when her whole nature will cry out bitterly against the sacrifice she has made to her ambition.

The discussion started by Mona Caird through her article "Is Marriage a Failure?" goes on and on, but there is one plain answer. No true marriage was ever a failure. All marriages entered into for the gratification of passion solely, to satisfy ambition, to obtain riches, as a convenience, are absolute failures. If there be an exception it only proves the rule. There can be nothing more beautiful than the union into which enter the elements of pure love, perfect confidence, absolute respect, and a real regard each for the other's individuality.

Such women as the two I have been talking about, help to render these marriages fewer, for they degrade womanhood in the eyes of men. Lowering by their own action the thought of marriage, they render the possibilities of the true union rarer and rarer. Permitting themselves, the one to be used as a "mop," meaning all that the word can imply in that direction, the other, herself to be bargained for as one would for a horse or other animal, they assist in keeping down the standard of moral purity instead of elevating it by living as near as can be to the truth and purity of ideal womanhood.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

GAME OF LITERARY SALAD.

It is often a puzzle to a hostess to know how to entertain a little party of friends, who do not care to dance or to play cards. Especially will she be at a loss if their guests are not well acquainted or are not congenial. Then some kind of games will be of great advantage, something to attract and hold the attention.

One of these games that are sometimes found to be so pleasant is called "Literary Salad" and it may be made very amusing as well as interesting. Cut out a number of green paper leaves of the shape of lettuce. You must have the number proportioned to the number of guests. Upon the stem of each leaf write a quotation from some very well known author. Arrange these leaves in a salad bowl, and then pass them around to the company. Each one is to guess where his or her quotation comes from. Every person who guesses aright has the privilege of drawing from a "lucky bag," in which is a number of trifling presents that are called the rewards of merit. It is surprising how much of real entertainment can be had in this way.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

PHOTOGRAPH HOLDER.—Seeing a request in THE BLADE for a photograph holder, I thought I would send one I have. The material is plush and satin. Of plush I take 24¼ inches in length and 9 inches in width. The satin is cut the same size as the plush, basted on a piece of wadding and quilted. The right side of the plush and the right side of the satin are laid together, and sewed by hand, as the machine draws the goods. Leave the one end open, and turn right side out. Sew open end shut. Lap each end of it 5¼ inches toward the middle, and sew at the sides. Finish each side with tinsel cord. I finish mine with a bow of ribbon on the upper left-hand corner, and fasten a piece of ribbon to each side and tie in a nice bow. This looks very much like a book when finished.

I will send a slipper-case pattern in the near future.—A DANDY.

PHOTOGRAPH HOLDER.—Take a Japanese open fan, cut out a circle or square opening in any part of the fan; cover the fan with silk, satin or velvet; cut and pull through opening. Now make of pasteboard another fan, just same size; cover with silksia; over-hand the edges together, leaving a space at top, to put photographs through. Sew on the edge of fan, also edge of opening, chenile or card. Tie a ribbon bow on the handle; sew two small rings on back, to hang up with.—ELLA.

PHOTOGRAPH HOLDER.—In answer to M. L. P.'s inquiry for photo holder I send two: Three panels of thick pasteboard, 18 inches long, with top pointed, by 5 inches broad, may be covered with silk, satin, or cretonne, and joined by mutton-hold braid or silk. To make a screen to stand upon a bookcase or mantel, several strips of ribbon of the same color as the material are sewed across each panel, and into these the pictures are shipped.—ELLA.

ART OF TRANSFERRING TO GLASS.—Colored or plain engravings, photographs, lithographs, water colors, oil colors, crayons, steel plates, newspaper cuts, mezzotints, pencil writing, snow cards, labels, or, in fact, anything.

Directions: Take glass that is perfectly clear—window glass will do—clean it thoroughly, then varnish it, taking care to have it perfectly smooth. Place it where it will be entirely free from dust. Let it stand over night, then take your engraving, lay it in clear water until it is wet through—say 10 or 15 minutes. Lay it upon a newspaper, that the moisture may dry from the surface and still keep the other side damp. Immediately varnish your glass the second time, then place your engraving upon it, pressing it down firmly, so as to exclude every particle of air. Next rub the paper from the back until it is of uniform thickness—so thin you can see through it—and varnish it the third time and let it dry.

Materials used for the above act—Take 2 ozs. balsam of fir to 1 oz. of spirits of turpentine. Apply with a camel's-hair brush.—MRS. D. S.

MRS. M. C. COTIN, Texas, you will find descriptions of many pretty articles for gifts or to make home attractive in the pamphlet "Fancy Work and House Decoration." Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and sl, slip and bind; t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; t c, treble crochet; r c, raised crochet; c c st, crossed treble stitch; sl st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh o, short crochet.

KNITTED LACE.—Cast on 18 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—n—t o 2—n—n—t o 2—n—k 3 tog—k 2. 2d row—k 8—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 2—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 3d row—k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 3—n—t o 2—n—k 4—t o—n—t o—k 2. 4th row—k 12—p 1—k 4—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 5th row—k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 10—t o—n—t o—n—t o—k 2. 6th row—k 17—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 7th row—k 2—to 2—p 2 tog—k 9—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—k 2. 8th row—k 18—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 9th row—k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 8—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—k 2. 10th row—k 19—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 11th row—k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 7—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 2. 12th row—k 20—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 13th row—k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 6—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 1. 14th row—k 19—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 15th row—k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 8—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 1. 16th row—k 18—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 17th row—k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 9—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 1. 18th row—k 17—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 19th row—k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 3—n—t o 2—n—k 3—n—t o—n—t o—n—t o—n—k 1. 20th row—k 11—p 1—k 4—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 21st row—k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—n—t o 2—n—t o 2—n—n—t o 2—n—n—t o 2—n—k 1. 22d row—k 8—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 23d row—k 2—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 3—n—t o 2—n—k 5—n—t o 2—n—k 1. 24th row—k 9—p 1—k 14—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2.—MALCOM.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING BABY HOODS—From Angora wool, for "Ohio Kate," for a child 10 months old. Eight balls of Angora. Use 5 knitting needles, coarse. Cast on 28 stitches on each needle and knit like a stocking, until wide enough for the head, then narrow as fastas possible.—J. A. M.

CROCHETED SLIPPERS.—In response to the request of "D" for directions for crocheted slippers, I send the following, which I think she will like: With Germantown yarn (1 skein will be sufficient and clouded brown a very pretty shade) and a bone hook; make a chain of 16 stitches. Turn the work and missing the stitch next the one on the hook, make a double crochet in the back of every stitch, and increasing by making 3 in the center stitch. You will now have 17 stitches on your work slightly pointed in the center. Turn the work again and crochet back and forth, each time increasing in the center as before, and taking up only the back loop of every stitch, which makes the work ribbed. When 10 ribs are thus formed take the first 20 stitches on one side and crochet back and forth without increase in width, until you have a strip long enough to reach around the ankle. Fasten this to the other side of the foot. Finish the top with a little row of scallops or a more elaborate edging if desired. Run a narrow ribbon in and out, tie in bows in front and sew the lower edge securely to a cork sole. In the absence of these I have used just the common "insoles," which though not as durable, answer every purpose while they do last. These are so nice and comfortable. Try them.—MRS. CHAS. MERRILL, Thornburg, Iowa.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALL SORTS.—When I read the editor's article about "bobbles," I felt as though she just expressed my sentiments; for I, too, have my bobby, and feel better for having it. It makes me live above the every-day drudgery of life, and try to gain knowledge. It is constantly urging me to utilize every minute to the best advantage, and I now accomplish what before seemed impossible.

I want to write a letter every week when I read the interesting letters written by other housekeepers. And I have long before this wanted to express my sorrow and disappointment that "Montana May" has not written lately. In the summer she spoke of a series of painting lessons which I looked anxiously for from week to week, and when I read that we wouldn't hear from her for some time I was very much disappointed. I always cut out her letters and saved them, and they are so valuable. I cannot begin to tell how often they have been a help to me, not only an inspiration to read but of practical good in the kitchen or studio, or anywhere in the house. But this may not be interesting to all; for many others wrote many valued letters, too. Can any one tell me a few ways to use celluloid? I mean this in sheets; we can get it here in cream or pink. It seems to me there must be many ways of using it for ornamental and useful articles. Please let me know in time to make some for Xmas presents.

Shall I tell you how I made a picture? I took a round board, sandpapered it nice and smooth, then covered it with a very light-colored paint. I used white and very little yellow ochre. While it was wet I put on a very delicate marine view, lightly touching with the brush and blending into the light margin which looks something like ivory in its smoothness. A round board a little larger was used for a frame, covered with plush; with a bow of ribbon for ornament on the top slope and placed on a bamboo easel it looks refreshing. For pictures can charm the eye as music the ear and are actually necessaries of life. I have learned so much of painting from a little magazine I take and will send the address of it to any sending me a two-cent stamp. It is devoted entirely to painting and fancy work, no stories, and the price within the reach of all. I would give the address here but it wouldn't do.—MRS. T. D. MORRIS, Seward, Neb.

You are mistaken. The address of a magazine would be given, as they often are.—ED

A LETTER OF BYGONE DAYS.—I was reading to day a letter written 64 years ago by a dear old grand-father to his little grand-daughter. Such a lovely and loving letter as it was! So bright with his pleasure and satisfaction in one she had written to him. What beautiful pictures of quiet home life are seen in his well-chosen words. How quaintly, and quietly, and briefly he expresses approbation, admonition and encouragement. How many points of interest he touches upon from the weather to health of dear ones, giving a glow and glory to each. Expressing a readiness to go to a better world, but despite his 77 years, still finding much to enjoy in this. And then I fell to wondering why we see so few such letters nowadays. The dear old man wished to reply to a letter; he had something to say about it, something to say additional, and he wrote as if it was a real pleasure to put it all down as brightly and forcibly as he could. In spite of age and infirmity he left nothing unsaid that he considered would impress and please his pet.

He answered her letter! Ah, there it is! People write letters nowadays, but do not answer them. I have numerous correspondents, and such a diversity of letters as I receive! Some are but brief, but tender, sympathetic and helpful; some long and loving, some sad and dispirited, some bright and jolly as a mountain brook and some—I lay them down with a sigh. Almost invariably they say "your letter was so interesting, you tell us so much, etc," and then they go on and tell me, at less or greater length, of various and divers happenings in and around their own particular peck measure, all of which is duly interesting, but—. They totally ignore all I have said, all my comments, news, questions or requests. I might as well never have written them for all the satisfaction I gain, and I am left to wonder if I have overstepped courtesy in the questions or if my comments were uncalled for, if they wish to quietly remind me of the same; or if their expression, or want of it, is due to thoughtlessness or—the discourtesy of ignorance.

Not one of them would treat me so if talking to me. Even a comment on the weather would be politely answered, and requests, questions and news would receive full attention.

Why is this? Some of the best people living do themselves the injustice of being discourteous in letters? It is not necessary to laboriously answer every item in detail, but the spirit of the letter, as that of speech, may receive due appreciation. Is it an art to be learned? Then urge our girls to learn and practice it. No matter how gay and careless our youth may be, in later years we find a real need, earnest, with full measure of labor and suffering. Then a really good letter is like a cup of cold water to the thirsty, an encouragement in trouble, a help to our aspirations, and a labor of love never wasted or forgotten. It is like the sunshine sending a glimmer of golden green light down among the shadowy pines, and makes glad the dark places with its brightness.—JEANIE.

SHE THINKS SO TOO.—Thanks, H. Greely Miller and Miss Baker, you have voiced my sentiments and I hope all young people will do as you have done. If the ladies would make it a rule to not keep the company of those who use either whisky or tobacco, our society would be purer. To the young girls, I say, be as exacting as the opposite sex is—demand purity for purity. No man will marry a girl that is impure and no man should marry one of an immoral character. Do this and soon thoses who have vices will disappear to give room to the honest, pure and upright, for mind you there are just as pure men as women in this sinful world.—E. L. W.

A FEW WORDS.—I have been standing outside the door a long time, not daring to come in, but I have gained a little more courage, so here I come with my little mite. In the first place let me tell you that I could not keep house without the dear old BLADE. There are so many useful and interesting departments that I don't know which I like the best. Being a Republican and soldier's daughter and sister, I am much interested in the Camp Fire. Cast on more fagots, boys; let it blaze bright and cheerful, for ere many years we will all be tenting on another camp ground. Dear girls, how I would like to, but dare not, receive the attention of a young man that drinks. Let him know that you are sorry that he is a slave to such a terrible habit. Don't say, as I have heard young ladies say scornfully, "the dirty, drunken scamp." Does that help them, girls? Remember kind words can never die, and some of our greatest temperance reformers were slaves to intemperance, but by the grace of God and kind words are what they are, and to-day are saving many of our young men, not by scornful treatment, but with the help of the Lord and kind words. Remember we must rescue the perishing and lift up the fallen.—MOLLIE TUCKER.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one please give me explicit directions for making an opera hood (ladies')?—PALMA.

Will some reader of THE BLADE tell how to color with logwood, copperas and blue vitrol, how much of each to use and quantity of water, for coloring dress and double shawl?—A READER OF THE BLADE, Decatur, Kan.

Will some lady of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me how I can clean the dust or dirt out of a plush or satin necktie?—F. H. H.

Will "Subscriber" in Southwestern Oregon send address to A. E. Nies, Kingman, Kingman county, Kan. Will pay all postage. Would like to correspond, with view of locating there.

If "Hattie" will send me her name and address, I will send her pattern for slipper case, how and of what material I made mine.—MRS. JOHN HORNING, Penfield, Clearfield county, Pa.

Where could I get photos of President Harrison and wife, as I should like ever so much to get them?—MRS. LINA CRABB, Hillsdale, Whatcom Co., Washington.

I would like to have a few correspondents of my own sex (ladies) who understand the Ben Pitman system of shorthand, one from St. Augustine, Fla., or any other part of that state. I understand all the principles, but require necessary practice to thoroughly master the "mystic art." Would be pleased to help any one not as far advanced as myself if I could. My address is:—M. E., Box 416, Geneva, Neb.

I would like to ask how to raise celery.—MRS. D. L.

Will some one please tell me how to make a Tam O'Shanter with raised stitches, and also how much yarn will be needed?—A FRIEND.

Will "Babies' Friend" please send her address to Box 104, Eau Claire postoffice, Butler Co., Pa.

Would Black Hills "Blue Bell" please explain the Jenness Miller system of dress reform, or would some lady who reads this send me a pattern of something to take the place of corsets? I would gladly pay postage, as well as compensate them in some way. I have long wished for a substitute for corsets, but have been unable, so far, to procure them. Also, did any of the readers ever try painting with diamond dyes? If so, with what result, and how do you mix? If a pattern is sent, will the sister please state what material to be made of?—MRS. F. P. WALDEN, Berwyn, Neb.

If the lady who wanted a "curiosity from every state" will send her name and address to me, I will send her something.—MRS. J. H. H., Penfield, Clearfield County, Pa.

If "Industrious," in the want column of THE BLADE of November 14, will write to E. J. H., Box 14, state and county as named above, she might find it to her advantage.

Will some readers of THE BLADE tell me what will make a canary bird sing, as he was once such a pretty singer, and now he is silent? It has been four months since he quit singing.—L. M. PARSONS.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Miss E. S.: The editor is told that shorthand can be learned by mail, if the student has the perseverance to give it a great deal of study and practice. It is impossible to give you names of teachers or schools. Your best way is to go to some skilful stenographer in your own place and get advice. He could tell you also about tuition.

Typewriting cannot be learned by mail. If you have a machine, you can teach yourself. Proficiency *does* depend upon practice. A stenographer takes down a letter in shorthand from his employer's dictation, then reproduces it in typewriting.

A young lady's own sense of propriety should tell her when and where to draw the line as to attentions from a gentleman who wants to marry her, but whom she cannot marry. She should simply refuse to receive any especial attentions from him, but place him upon the same footing as other friends.

A gentleman would be quite likely to understand that you did not wish him to call again, if, upon a first call, you did not invite him to do so. Upon his part, his first request was sufficient. He should not request permission to call again.—ED.

"Leone," the "most fashionable way" to receive a lady who is a stranger to you, is the courteous one of making her feel, by a pleasant, cordial manner, that you are glad to see her. Offer your hand and tell her you are happy to see her.

You should not return her card, but lay it upon the table, in order later to put in your card basket for reference. You can get cards for calling at any bookstore.—ED.

E. A., the following menu will be good for the occasion you speak of:

1. Raw oysters.....Crackers
2. Sliced turkey—Beef tongue—Creamed potatoes—Pickles—Coffee.
3. Chicken salad—Bread and butter.
4. Olives.....Cheese crackers
5. Ice cream—Cake—Fruit.

Serve in courses in the order given. You can omit fourth course if you wish. It depends upon the number of your guests as to whether they should be seated around a large table in the dining room or at small tables. The latter way is the easier, unless there are very few present.

Have everything upon a large table except the coffee, and even this can be served from that, if you have an urn with spirit lamp to keep it hot. Make the table look as prettily as possible with nice linen, etc.—ED.

Pennyroyal, the secretary of the C. L. S. C., is Miss Kate Kimball, Plainfield, N. J. Write to her.

If "Hattie" will send me her address and stamp for postage I will send her a slipper case pattern and some ideas in regard to the making, which perhaps will be accepted.—MRS. CHAS. MERRILL, Thornburg, Iowa.

"Anna," The editor of the HOUSEHOLD uses her own name. "Shirley Dare" is Mrs. Susan Power, and she lives near Boston.—ED.

Tell "Elsie Ray" to dilute her cider ⅓ with soft water and put a piece of light bread dough in each barrel, then tack cheese cloth over the open bungs and keep the barrels in the sun or, as it's winter, in the kitchen or any warm room. Have succeeded this way when everything else failed.—PENNYROYAL.

If "Sub.", Whitman county, Wash., will write me, enclosing stamp, I will reply stating where the "Acme of Songs" may be obtained, the price of it, and also something of interest if "Sub." is a lover of music. Address B, box 186, Clinton, Mich.

RECIPES.

BISCUIT.—Sift together one quart offl our and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Warm, but do not melt, one tablespoonful of butter, work the butter and one small teaspoonful of salt, through the flour, with a spoon. Wet into a soft dough with sweet milk, stirring with a spoon. Roll out quickly and bake in a hot oven.

GRAHAM GEMS.—1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of sugar; 1 pint of sour milk; 1 teaspoonful of soda; salt; Graham flour to make a stiff batter.

SALLY LUNN.—2 eggs; 2 tablespoonfuls of butter; same of sugar; 2 cupfuls of sweet milk; ½ teaspoonful salt; 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flour for cake batter.

PANCAKES.—1 egg; 1 cupful sour milk; ½ teaspoonful of soda; flour for moderately stiff batter. If increased, preserve the same proportions.

LEMON CRACKERS—To the one who asked for cracker recipes (I have mislaid my BLADE and forgot the name) I recommend this: 2½ cupfuls of white or light sugar; 1 cupful of melted lard; 1 pint of sweet milk; white of three eggs or 2 whole ones; 5 cents worth of carbonate of ammonia; 6 teaspoonfuls of essence of lemon.

Warm the milk and pour over the ammonia, which should be pounded very fine. Be careful to have it all dissolved. Mix dough very stiff, then pound with rolling pin ten minutes. Roll a little thicker than biscuit. Bake on inverted bread pans, well greased. Lay on the pans, mark in squares with a knife and prick with a fork. When cool break in squares. Do not try to eat while warm. Good as lemon crackers you buy.—OHIO MAY.

JELLY ROLL CAKE.—Two eggs, 1¼ cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful sweet cream (not too thick), 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, about 2 cupfuls sifted flour. Spread very thin and even upon a greased pan. Place in a moderate oven, and as soon as done turn out on a sugared cloth, spread on the jelly and roll while warm.

LEMON JELLY FOR THE ABOVE.—Grate the rind of 1 lemon and add the juice of 2 large ones, 1 cupful sugar, 1 egg, ½ cupful water, 1 teaspoonful butter, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with 3 tablespoonfuls of water; stir all together and boil till it thickens. I would like the address of "M. E.," Oregon.—MARY E. CLAY, Fredericksburg, Washington county, Ind.

COUGH MEDICINE.—¼ oz. oil cedar, ¼ oz. oil hemlock; ¼ oz. oil sassafras, ¼ oz. camphor gum, 1 pt. raw linseed oil. MIX. Dose—For adults, half teaspoonful morning and at night; children less. Shake before using.—T. H. LUCAS, Prescott, Arizona.

CURE FOR SOFT CORNS.—Please say for the benefit of humanity in general and Marigold in particular that black or shoemakers' wax is the best known remedy for soft corns. Spread on firm cloth or fine leather. The writer of this knows from experience what a soft corn is, and the way cured, when all other remedies failed. Please give a thorough trial and report.—HOGINS, Evart.

CIDER TO VINEGAR.—To the lady that inquired how to make cidenturn to vinegar I would tell her a way I read in *Arthur's Home Magazine*, years ago, and have tried it with perfect success. Take a piece of new muslin, thin, about a third of a yard long and make a sack as large as you can get into your barrel where you put in the cider, and fill the sack with good corn meal; tie with a cord with a loop that you can put a stick through to rest on the barrel and the sack hang down well into the cider, that will work and "mother" gather around it which is essential to good vinegar.—MRS. E. M. BROWN.

TO RID CAGES OF LICE.—Hold it over a hot stove till the wires get hot, and the lice will crawl out and fall into the stove. It won't hurt the cage to let the wood get a little hot. This was my first summer for raising birds, and anything on the subject interests me. Thanks to Nellie for her recipe.—MAY.

The Kaiser's Modesty.

Paris Letter to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Here is an anecdote of the Emperor of Germany, which is certainly sufficiently characteristic of that pompous personage to be true. During one of his forest excursions on the occasion of the late visit of the Czar of Russia, William II. was about to light his cigar, but found that he had forgotten the knife that he used to cut off the ends. The Czar was no better provided, so one of the forest keepers stepped forward and proffered his own. The emperor used it and then returned it, saying impressively: "Take back your knife. It is now a historical relic."

Save That Sweet Girl!

Don't let that beautiful girl fade and droop into invalidism or sink into an early grave for want of timely care at the most critical stage of her life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will aid in regulating her health and establishing it on a firm basis and may save her years of chronic suffering and consequent unhappiness.

A more pleasant physic
You never will find
Than Pierce's small "Pellets,"
The Purgative kind.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

FAIRBAULT, MINN.	Maud Evans
William Harshaw	Vina Blankenship
Arthur Mattson	Christie Childs
Archie Rockenbach	Emma Poland
Albert Hulse	Lottie Gilbert
LOVELAND, COLO.	Ida Huntsucker
Frances Leonard	Grace Rankin
Allie Leonard	Emma Harris
FORT COLLINS, COLO.	Lizzie Love
Lena Moore	Anna Love
Martha Moore	Laura Blankenship
Mabel Tubbs	Jennie Hayard
Howard Tubbs	Rosa Havard
Anna Spanner	Ella Denison
Jessie Spanner	Orpha Denison
Lily Spanner	Mabel Gifford
Frances Schelt	Sadie Gifford
Emma Schelt	Neva Dean
Lena Franz	Minnie White
Jerry Metcalf	Enzie Inman
Harry Metcalf	Jerry Wise
Hugh Metcalf	Rob Stine
Allan Metcalf	Jo Bishop
David Mobley	Charles Heines
Fred A Kemper	Tommy Chick
Josie Kemper	Ed Gilbert
ROSEDALE, KAS.	CROW P. O., COLO.
Jennie Slates	Harvey S St John
Edna Holsinger	Isaiah M St John
May Burt	Pearl E St John
Maud Holsinger	

Names this week, 56. Total, 27,970.

The above embraces all names received up to December 13.

THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

My little girl ran in and out,
Uneasy at her play.
To beg for this and sue for that,
In childhood's restless way.
And every favor which she asked
Was one I could not grant.
'Twas "No, my dear, it isn't best,"
And "No, my child, I can't."

Till wearied, I exclaimed at last.
"I wish you'd stay or go.
I'm tired of so much run about,
And tired of saying no."
My little girl made answer then,
With pretty sauciness;
"If you are tired of saying no
Why don't you tell me yes?"

ANGEL LIGHTS.

For wee Estelle, sweet-faced and shy,
Beside my knee at close of day,
I traced the Dipper in the sky
And pointed out the Milky Way.

Her upturned eyes themselves were stars,
Agleam with softly lambent light,
And not from Jupiter to Mars
Was there a more bewitching sight.

"And now what of the starry height
Can you recall?" said I to her;
And thus explained sweet merrymite,
My infantile philosopher:

"Why, when the s'ars an' planets play,
Dod takes the dipper den, I fink,
To dip it in the milky way
An' dive the thirsty lights a dwink."
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

For the Young Folks.

A WORD TO BOYS.

II.

IN my former article I spoke of the inability of youth to fully appreciate the reality of life. It is only the one who has gone over the pathway, and explored the unknown territory, who has climbed some of the hills and passed through valleys, and forded or bridged the streams, that can measurably understand the reality of life. A writer who had great love for young people, speaking of youth, said, "It is quick and impetuous, with little foresight; it sees every rose, but not the thorn; it is delighted with the beds of flowers about it, but knows not that the serpent is lurking below; it is in rapture with the brainbow, but dreams not that it is painted on a wreath of vapor; it is rich in anticipated treasures, but poor in all that is requisite to obtain them; it is weak while dreaming of strength; ignorant, while professing to much knowledge; pure, while unconscious that the miasm as of corruption are rising around it; innocent, confiding and inexperienced, while not aware that smiling and deceitful tempters are lurking on every hand to lure it into the gilded walks of ruin and death."

This being youth and its beautiful but perilous situation, I would seek to point out some of the dangers which surround the young, and offer such words of encouragement as may tend to direct their feet into the paths of duty and progress.

There is nothing that boys and young men need so much as courage; a calm, steady bravery of soul, a bravery which dares to be true to duty though the heavens fall. Not one quarter of our youth are developing the full strength of their capabilities from lack of moral courage. If you desire an education, or some other worthy accomplishment, bend all the energies of your soul to secure the end. The highest realization of life comes through right living in a moral point of view. The youth naturally love the right, and it is only when the power of bad example and urgent entreaty of evil people are brought to bear upon them, that they are led into evil habits. It is easier to tell the truth than a lie, but a lie once told, what trouble it will give us to study up excuses and deception to conceal it.

Boys, have the courage to do right. You have found it easy and pleasant to practice the right, and when you are entreated by your companions to do things you know are not honorable and elevating, refuse to do so, as pointedly as you would refuse to walk into the fire if asked to do so. The boy who walks in the straightforward path of life is sure to be useful and honored when he overtakes manhood's days. Look at the evil-doer, he skulks behind the hedges, he creeps into the by-ways, the sword always hangs over his head. It is the wicked that are waging constant war with unseen powers, and not those who practice truth and goodness. It is true, there are often difficulties attending the practice of right, caused by false and early formed habits, but you will be well rewarded for the effort and self-denial that may be required at your hands.

Sir Seebohm visited the island some years ago, to witness the autumnal migration. "I was nearly a week," he writes, "the weather was unfavorable. There was scarcely half a dozen birds on the island. On the 12th of October the afternoon was calm, and in the evening a breeze sprang up from the southeast. I called upon Gatke who advised me to go to bed and be up before sunrise, as in all probability I should find the island swarming with birds. Accordingly I turned in soon after 10.

At half past 12 I was waked with the news that the migration had already begun. Hastily dressing myself, I at once made for the lighthouse. The night was almost pitch dark, but the town was all astir. In every street, men with large lanterns and a sort of angler's landing net were making for the lighthouse. As I crossed the public fields birds were continually getting up at my feet.

"At the lighthouse an intensely interesting sight presented itself. The whole zone of light within range of the mirrors was alive with birds coming and going. Nothing else was visible in the darkness of the night but the lantern of the lighthouse vignetted in a drifting sea of birds. From the darkness in the east clouds of birds were emerging in an uninterrupted stream.

"I should be afraid to hazard a guess as to the hundreds of thousands that must have passed in a couple of hours, but the stray birds which the lighthouse keeper succeeded in securing as they flattered against the wire netting amounted to almost three hundred.

"The night was starless and the town invisible, but the island looked like the outskirts of a gas lighted city, being sprinkled over with brilliant lanterns. Many of the larks alighted on the ground to rest, and allowed the Heligolanders to pass their nets over them. On some nights as many 15,000 skylarks have been taken on the island.

"At about 3 o'clock in the morning the clouds broke, the stars came out, and the migration came to an end, or was continued above the range of our vision."

—Periodic Headache and Neuralgia; cold hands and feet, and a general derangement of the system, including impaired digestion, with torpor of the liver, &c., are, in certain localities, invariably caused by Malaria in the system in quantity too small to produce regular chills. Many persons suffer in this way and take purgatives and other medicines to their injury, when a few doses of Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria would cure them at once. Sold by Druggists.

decorated in the days of the Bourbons, and which his widow had preserved as a holy relic.

I knew of only one person who was likely to have the same decoration, and to him I decided to appeal.

The manner of our becoming acquainted with this party was rather romantic. It happened last spring that grandmamma was in the habit of spending a part of each afternoon in the city park listening to the music of the band, probably the mind of old dances and opera airs recalled the days of her young ladyhood.

She noticed on an opposite bench a very old man who came as regularly as she did, and sat all alone bearing on his stick in the sunshine, and something in his appearance interested her and made her long to know him. At last one day he chanced to seat himself beside her, raising his hat with old-fashioned courtesy, when she smiled. Directly the music was over, grand mamma smoothed out the folds of her old black dress, rearranged her reticule and her lace mittens, and then, seeing that the old man was looking at her, ventured a remark.

"I am nearly ninety-three," she said with the air of one giving a valuable piece of information.

Her hearer bowed, cleared his throat and said with a smile, "And I am ninety-four."

After a pause the conversation was renewed, and before long the two old people discovered that they were natives of the same town, and with increased interest they looked at each other, smiled, and then sighed.

"I have not been home since my youth," said the gentleman.

"How is that?" asked the lady softly.

"I was in love, Madam, with my cousin," he sighed, and she married another, a worthier man than I, no doubt."

Grandmamma pulled off her spectacles and exclaimed suddenly, "You must be Frederick Vanron?"

"I am, and who are you?"

"As a girl my name was Rosalie Vanron," she answered.

"Rose, Rose, I am your cousin," cried the old man drawing nearer to her and clasping her hand.

After this little episode Mr. Vanron was a frequent visitor at our house and I did not hesitate to go and ask him for his silver cross.

Before getting out, however, I remarked that it would be well to apply to the captain of police, in case the pocket-book had been picked up in the street by one of his men.

Then I set off to Mr. Vanron's home, and I had hardly explained the difficulty to him when he drew out his silver "fleur de lys," saying as he put it into my hand, "I would do more than that for Rose."

Nothing more remained for me to do but to buy a pocket-book, and this was the most difficult matter of all, I could not find one exactly like that I had given

Our Biblical Story.

JOSHUA;

A Story of Egyptian-Israelitish Life.

BY PROF. GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "UARDA," "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," ETC.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

CHAPTER XXI.

EPHRAIM crept round the tent he had quitted, pressing an ear against the canvas wall. He very cautiously undid a few of the stitches in one of the seams, and so could see as well as hear what was going on in the lady's sitting room. He saw Kasana's head resting on the breast of a prince, a great and powerful lover, and the capricious false one did not even forbid the bold suitor when his lips sought hers for the kisses he desired. She owed no faith to Ephraim indeed, but her heart was his uncle's; she preferred him above all men; she had declared herself ready to endure the worst to procure his freedom, and now he saw with his own eyes that she was false and faithless, and giving to another that which by right was Joshua's alone.

And Joshua? He, like Ephraim himself, and like that princely personage, like everyone in short, must surely love her, in spite of his strange demeanor at the wayside well; it could not possibly be otherwise; while she, safe from the vengeance of the unhappy prisoner, was abandoning herself with cowardly baseness to the caresses of another.

Siptah, as he had learnt from their last meeting, was his uncle's foe; for him of all men, she was betraying the man she loved. Through the slit in the tent-cloth he could see all that went on within, but he closed his eyes to many a word and many things. More often indeed, the odious spectacle riveted his gaze with a mysterious spell, and then he longed to tear the rent wider, to fell the loathed foe, and speak words of stern reproof to the faithless woman in Joshua's name. The wrath which for days had possessed him was suddenly turned to hatred and scorn. From the happiest of human beings, as he had deemed himself, he had become the most miserable; his life seemed to him valueless, and he cared not whether it were taken or spared.

At first the rush of blood tingled so fiercely in his ears that he was quite incapable of following the dialogue within. By degrees, however, he had gathered the purport of whole sentences, and at length all that was said he understood. It was indeed of the greatest interest, though it enabled him to look into an abyss which seemed to yawn at his feet.

Kasana by no means yielded to her audacious wooer without struggle; this only drew him on to insist passionately on her entire surrender, body and soul; and what he offered in return was indeed the highest reward—a place as queen at his side on the throne of Egypt, for which she was plotting. Presently he spoke of the letter which Ephraim had brought, and after he had read it aloud and explained it to her, the boy perceived with a shudder, that he himself had been the innocent accomplice in the most detestable of crimes. For a moment he felt prompted to betray the traitors and deliver them into the hands of the sovereign whose overthrow they were plotting. But he cast this idea from him as soon as it arose. Kasana made the Prince pledge his word that if he rose to power he would grant her first request. It should cost him neither money nor lands, and merely afforded her the privilege of showing mercy at the dictate of her heart, for events were impending which must provoke the wrath of the gods, and she only implored to be allowed to mitigate it.

Fully determined to return to his own people, Ephraim made his way to the entrance to the camp; but he had gone only a few steps when he stopped, and a glance at the sky showed him it was not more than two hours past midnight. If he attempted to leave his hiding place by day he must certainly be detected and detained; as he looked about him his eye fell on the Chamberlain's tent, from which the old slave came out to look at the stars, and was evidently awaiting Siptah's return in the prince's quarters. This old man had been kind before to Ephraim, and he now with friendly urgency bid him enter the tent and rest, for, said he, youth requires sleep. Ephraim accepted the well-meant invitation, for he now began to feel how badly his feet ached. Sleep overpowered him, and wrapped the weary youth in oblivion so deep and sweet that when in a dream approached his pillow, and the old slave had to shake him in order to rouse him at daybreak.

The camp was already astir; tents were being taken down, asses and ox-carts loaded, horses combed and fed, chariots cleaned, weapons and vessels polished, and the first meal of the day distributed and eaten. Meanwhile trumpet-calls rang out on one hand, words of command on the other, and from the eastern side of the camp rose the chant of the priests devotedly greeting the newborn god of day.

He got out of the precincts of the Egyptian tents without let or hindrance, and when he found himself out in the desert he uttered the cry by which he was wont to collect his shepherds in the pastures. The call rang out across the wild plains, starting a sparrow-hawk which was spying the distance from the top of a rock, and as the echo died away the lad felt as though if he spread out his arms, wings must sprout strong enough to bear him, too, through the air. Never had he felt so strong and agile, so light and free.

He had walked above an hour when he came to a ruined water-tower. He climbed up it, and from thence he descried at a great distance on the hither side of the hill of Baalzephon, which he had long seen hovering above the horizon, the gleaming waters of the northern arm of the Red Sea. He looked about him on all sides, wondering what the leaders of the people could be thinking of, if indeed, as Siptah had told Kasana, they proposed to encamp between Pinahiroth, of which he now saw the tents and huts close before him on the shore of the canal of Seti, and the hill of Baalzephon.

Between the village and the lake, where the wind was whirling thin pillars of smoke, his sharp eye descried a multitude of white objects looking like a distant flock of sheep, and among and around them a strange stir and bustle on the sand. This was the camp of the Israelites.

To the north he saw the dark clouds which he had observed rised over the blue sky suddenly part and roll asunder on either hand. The wind, which had died away after sunrise, now gained force and swiftness, and soon rose to a storm again. It swept across the isthmus in gusts which succeeded each other with increasing rapidity, carrying before it dense pillars of yellow sand.

Then he sprang away from the heap of ruins with wide leaps, across the desert at his feet, and ran on towards the south as swiftly as though he were again fleeing from captivity. He felt the rushing blast from the northeast driving him on, and thought how it would hasten the advance of Pharaoh's foot soldiers. The leader of his people did not know perhaps how vast was the host which threatened them and underestimated the danger of their position. He had seen it and could give them the fullest information. But he must hasten, fly, and he felt as though in his race before the storm his feet had really got wings.

He had soon reached the village of Pihahiroth, and as he fled through it without pausing for an instant, he perceived that man and beast had deserted the tents and dwellings. As he went on, the clouds grew darker and darker, though rarely indeed was the sky overcast here at midday; and wilder blew the storm. His thick hair flew about his hot head, his breath came hard, still on he sped; he felt as if his feet scarcely touched the ground at all.

As he got nearer to the sea, the blast howled and shrieked; the waves, lashed to fury, beat in thunder on the rocks at the foot of the hill of Baalzephon. Now, within a short hour after leaving the ruins, he had reached the first tents of the encampment, and the familiar cry of "Undean," "Undean," as well as the morning garb of the people, whose disfigured faces looked forth from the wr ck of the tents beaten down by the wind, told him that he had come upon the leper's quarters, placed by Moses outside the camp. Still he was in such haste that he did not make a circuit, but ran straight on at his utmost speed.

At last he was going among the tents and penfolds of his own people, and many of these had likewise been overturned.

He inquired of the first man he recognized for Nun, the father of Joshua and of his d ceased mother. He had gone to the seashore with Moses and the Elders of the people; and Ephraim followed him thither, the moist air refreshing him and cooling his brow. Yet he might not immediately speak with him, so he collected his thoughts and recovered his breath, while he watched the Elders, who were in discussion with a party of gaily-clad Phœnician boatmen.

At last the discussion came to an end; the lad saw the gigantically tall figure of Moses slowly and majestically go down to the edge of the sea with some other leaders of the Hebrews, while Nun, supported by one of his her simen, toiled back against the wind to the camp with what speed he might. He wore a mourning robe, and whereas the others looked glad and hopeful as they parted, his hands me face, with its crown and beard of white hair, wore a look of crushing and heartbreaking grief. When Ephraim spoke his name he raised his heft head, and, seeing the lad before him, tottered backward with surprise and misgiving, clinging tightly to the stalwart arm which upheld him. News had been sent to him of his son's and his grandson's terrible fate from the freed slaves he had left behind him in Tanis. The old man had rent his garments, had strown ashes on his head, and put on mourning raiment, and broken his heart for his beloved and noble only son and his promising grandson, whom he gives up to Moloch.

Now Ephraim was before him in the flesh; and when he had laid his hand on the lad's shoulder and kissed him again and again, he inquired whether his son, too, was still in the land of the living and remembered him and his people.

He had a solemn and imperative duty to perform, from which no man might hinder him, but when this eager youth shouted in his ear, above the storm, "Joshua is there, too!" he went back to the camp, that he meant to gather together his shepherds and the young men of his tribe to rescue Hosea, who was now called Joshua, the patriarch's vehement vigor was stirred in him by the mention of his son's name, he exclaimed that, old as he was, yet was he not too old to wield an ax and go forth with the young ones to deliver his son. And his eyes flashed through tears, while with his arm that was free, he appealed to heaven, crying:

"The God of my fathers in whom I have learned to trust watches over the faithful. Do you see the sand over there at the head of the bay, from the mouths of the Kasana canal? Ago that was covered by water, foaming waves were dancing over the spot. That, boy, is the way deliverance lies: if this wind holds the tide will ebb further still, so the Phœnician seaman said below, and if the storm soon veers round the wind, they say, is favorable to us, and their youths have lighted a fire to the God up there on the heights of Baalzephon. But we know that it is another God who hath opened a way for us into the desert. We were in sore straits, my son."

"Yes, grandfather," cried the boy, "you were as a lion in a pitfall, and the Egyptian host is mighty and powerful and numerous, but that host have I seen march past from the first even so the last. I flew as fast as my feet might carry me to tell you all how many heavy troops, archers, horses, and chariots—"

"We know that well enough!" interrupted the old man. "Put here we are!" and he pointed to a tent, completely blown in, which some serving men were endeavoring to prop up, and those in it, for the very old Hosea, Aaron his brother, Elishama, the father of Nun, wrapped in many robes.

"Let the tent fall, men! The storm has only done your task for you! Wrap the canvas about the poles, load the carts and beasts. Hasten now! You, Gad, Samma, Jacob; help the others. The hour of our departing is at hand. Each man make haste to harness the beasts; saddle and load the asses with all speed, that the host may be passed on its way. In the name of the Lord, and by the commands of Moses, each must make ready for departing. Every man keep to the old order. We march first of all with the ark of the covenant, come the other tribes, and after them the strangers; last of all the lepers and unclean.

"Rejoice all ye people, for our God is working a great wonder, and making the sea dry land for us, that we may go through. It would not perish at the edge of the sword, or be crushed under the wheels of Pharaoh's chariots, let him put forth his strength and forget to rest. We shall find rest as soon as we have escaped from this pressure; but I will not rest myself, I will roll it up myself. And do your part, boy. See the children of Manasseh yonder; they are packing and loading! Well done, Ephraim; you know how to use your hands! Further is now needful to be done. And my old head forgets, so much has come upon me at once! Here, Raphu, you have swift legs; I took it upon me to give warning in the camp of the strangers. Hasten to them and bid them speed their departing, that they be not too far behind the people of Israel. Time is precious!"

The wild wind now and then brought up the sound of Moses's deep voice or Aaron's lighter tones to the spot where the Ephraimites were busy. Neither they nor the sons of Judah needed this to spur them; for Hur and Nahshon commanded these last, and by the side of Hur stood Miriam, his newly-wedded wife. With the other tribes and the strangers it was otherwise; and the stiff-necked and cowardly conduct of their leaders had resulted in much misery and confusion.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT had been found to be impossible to break through the frontier lines of Etham and follow the nearest road to Palestine in a northeasterly direction; and the second plan proposed by Moses, that they should march round Migdol of the South, had likewise failed, for spies had reported that the garrison there had been strongly re-enforced. Hereupon the multitude had assembled round the man of God and had declared that sooner would they return home with all their families, and appeal to Pharaoh's mercy, than suffer themselves, their wives and their children to be butchered.

Now, when they beheld with their own eyes the miracle which the Most High had wrought for His chosen people, the most despairing and fearful became so many glad and hopeful believers. Not among sons of Ephraim only, but among all the tribes, nay, and among the strangers and unclean, their newly-awakened and joyful confidence moved each one to prepare with all his strength for future journeying; and for the first time the multitude assembled without strife or jealously, without fighting, and with youth and lepers.

After sunset Moses, staff in hand, and Aaron, singing and praying, lead the way to the head of the gulf. The storm which was raging as wildly as ever, had swept the workers and their tools on to the flames and smoke of the torches which were carried at the head of each tribe, from northeast to southwest.

Next to the two great leaders, on whom every eye was fixed with eager anticipation, Nun marched with the children of Ephraim. The sea-bottom on which they trod was firm, damp sand, on which even the cattle could safely cross as on a smooth highway, gently sloping toward the south.

Thus matters spad through the darkness which quickly followed the twilight. The strong smell the fish left on dry land was pleasanter to the youth, who now felt himself a man indeed, than the sweet perfume of Kasana's tent. Once the thought of her flashed through his mind; but indeed during these hours he had no time to think of her. His heart was quite full; here was the work on which he must

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

APPOINTMENTS.

The Men Whom the President has Made Happy with Offices.

The President, on Dec. 11, sent the following nomination to the Senate: Cyrus J. Fry, of South Dakota, to be marshal of the United States for the district of South Dakota; also a large number of recess nominations, among them the following: Joel B. Erhardt, of New York, to be collector of customs for the district of New York; David W. McClung, of Ohio, to be collector of internal revenue for the first district of Ohio; John D. Sloane, of Minnesota, to be supervising inspector of steam vessels for the fifth district.

The President on Dec. 16, sent to the Senate the nomination of Joseph R. Harran, of Pennsylvania, to be United States marshal for the western district of Pennsylvania.

The President transmitted the following nominations to the Senate on Dec. 17: ALPHONSO BARTO, to be register of the land office at Sidney, Neb.; HENRY S. KERBUSCH, to be register of the land office at Wausau, Wis.; WILLIAM WESTERMAN, to be receiver of public moneys at Stockton, Minn.; ANDREW M. CRAWFORD, to be receiver of public moneys at Roseburg, Ore.; FRANK M. FOOTE, to be receiver of public moneys at Evanston, Wyo.

EUGENE HAY to be United States attorney for the district of Minnesota; FREMONT WOOD to be United States attorney for the territory of Idaho; WILLOUGHBY COLE, of California, to be United States attorney for the southern district of California; GEORGE E. GRAHAM, of California, to be United States marshal for the southern district of California; JOHN W. JACOBUS to be United States marshal for the southern district of New York; CYRUS LELAND, JR., to be collector of internal revenue for the district of Kansas.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Ballot-box Investigation.

Immediately after the reading of the Journal, in the House on Dec. 11, Mr. Butterworth of Ohio, rising to a question of privilege, offered the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, upon divers days during the month of October, 1889, and at other times since that date, there appeared in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, and in other public journals, what purported to be an exact copy of a certain contract, alleged to have been made and entered into by the several parties whose names were appended thereto there follows a reproduction of the alleged ballot box contract; and,

WHEREAS, Of the persons whose names appear on said paper all, except one, were at the time of said publication, and, except the Hon. S. S. Cox, deceased, are still members of this House, and of the Senate of the United States, and,

WHEREAS, Said contract, so published as authentic and genuine, was the basis for charges, suggestions and insinuations that the said members and senators whose names appear upon said alleged contract entered into is an unlawful and corrupt contract and scheme to defraud the United States in the matter of the proposed purchase of certain ballot boxes, which charges are an assault upon the official integrity and reputation for honesty of each of said several members and senators, and, if true, render them unfit to sit as members of Congress; therefore, be it

Resolved, That a committee of five members of this House be appointed by the speaker to make full and thorough investigation and report without delay the evidence together with their findings thereon, to the House. Said committee when appointed shall ascertain and report:

First—By whom said alleged contract was prepared and whether the several signatures appended thereto are forged or genuine;

Second—If forged, what person or persons, if any, were directly or indirectly aiding, abetting, assisting or knowingly consenting to the preparation and uttering of said forgery, and for what purpose and intent.

Third—Whether any of the members whose names appeared on said alleged contract had or have either directly or indirectly, any unlawful, corrupt or improper connection with, or interest in, the ballot boxes which are the subject of said alleged contract.

The resolution further provides that the committee shall have authority to call for persons and papers, administer oaths, etc.

Mr. Butterworth, himself, read the preamble and resolutions, and then stated that he had but a word to say in reference to to the matter.

The publication first appeared in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, on October 4, but in that publication the name of James E. Campbell alone appeared. It had been current rumor, however, throughout the state that the names of his honored colleagues, Senator Sherman and Mr. McKinley and his own name as well as the names of others were on the paper.

As soon as attention was called to the letter it developed that the contract and signatures were forgeries, and the editor of the *Commercial Gazette* promptly so stated in a double-leaded editorial. But, notwithstanding that editorial it commenced to be bruited about that, notwithstanding the exposure of forgery, these parties were interested in the contract, and that because certain individuals had been caught in both sides of the political line, it was thought well to suppress it.

He (Mr. Butterworth) had called the attention of the editor of the *Commercial Gazette* to this fact, and he again, in a double-leaded editorial, had said that such a statement was unauthorized and unwarranted, and that the paper had been suppressed because it had been a forgery.

The whole of the contract had not appeared in the issue of October 4. There had been another segment, which suggested that the interest in the alleged scheme would continue until 1890, when, as he understood it, it it would expire by limitation.

He did not make this statement because he supposed there could be any objection to the adoption of the resolution.

Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, whose name is appended to the alleged contract, vigorously denied any knowledge thereof. The resolution was adopted, and the report of the Sheffield commission was presented to the House.

Introducing Bills.

After most important routine business the introduction of bills was resumed in the Senate on Dec 11. Mr. Butler introduced a bill providing for the emigration of persons of color from the Southern states and Mr. Stewart presented his free coinage bill. After a brief executive session the senate adjourned until Monday.

In the Senate.

Among the various petitions and memorials presented in the Senate on Dec. 16, were several for the passage of the pension law as prepared by the Pension committee of the G. A. R., one (from Iowa) for the selection of Chicago as the site of the exposition of 1892; one for the admission of Wyoming as a state; one in favor of the Blair educational bill; one (from the Chicago Board of Trade) for one cent letter postage; and several for the passage of the Sunday rest bill.

To Enlarge the Supreme Court.

A proposition is under consideration to provide for increasing the membership of the United States Supreme court from nine to eleven. The subject is being talked over by certain members of the Senate judiciary committee, and the outcome may be a bill to reorganize the Supreme court, and make the additions named. The enlargement of the court is held to be necessary because of the rapid increase in the business from the state courts; besides, the new states will add largely to the number of cases on the Supreme court docket. If the reorganization of the court is sanctioned by Congress, it is probable that at least three of the present members of the court—Justices Miller, Field and Bradley—will avail themselves of the privilege of retiring on full pay, thus giving the President an opportunity to appoint five new judges. It is also proposed to increase the jurisdiction of the Circuit courts, with a view to reducing the number of appeals to the Supreme court. Various schemes have been suggested with a view to accomplishing this purpose, but it seems almost impossible to curtail the work of the court, hence the proposed increase in membership. It is not known how the members of the court regard this proposition, but as they complain of being overworked, they would probably welcome two additional justices.

Important Rulings.

The commissioner of Pensions, Green B. Raum, has issued an order directing that 40 of the 268 special pension examiners now in the field be recalled and assigned to duty in the pension bureau at Washington. The number of examination fields will be reduced and their several boundaries extended so as to cover the entire country as now. Gen. Raum's purpose in making this change is to increase the effective working force of the office, with a view to materially expediting its business in the determination of pending cases.

The secretary of the Interior to-day rendered a decision in the case of S. M. Fairchild versus the Des Moines Valley railroad company. The lands involved in this case were claimed by the railroad company by reason of the certification to the state of June 14, 1866, as indemnity lands under the act of July 12, 1862. The secretary, however, holds this certification to have been erroneously made, and he directs that a demand for relinquishment or re-conveyance of the lands to the United States be made upon the company, in default of which suit will be recommended to set aside the certification.

Assistant Secretary Bussey rendered a decision in the pension claim of Barbara Remmel, now living in Cleveland, Ohio, as the dependent mother of Lawrence Remmel, late of Co. F, Seventh Ohio Volunteers.

The claimant's declaration for a pension was filed April 7, 1870, and eight years thereafter it was rejected on the ground that the claimant was not dependent on the soldier's contributions for an adequate support at the date of his death. The soldier was killed at the battle at Taylor's Ridge, Georgia, November 27, 1863. The assistant secretary finds from uncontradicted and unquestioned testimony that the claimant's husband, her only source of support since her son's death, has not been physically able to earn an adequate living for himself and wife for over thirty years, and that they always have been and are now very poor and needy. The testimony also shows that the son regularly turned over to his parents all his wages before his enlistment and afterwards contributed largely to their support. The assistant secretary says that a review of all the evidence on file renders it difficult to conceive upon what foundation or reason the former rejection was based. This rejection is reversed and the pension granted. The claimant will receive about $3,700 back pension and $12 per month hereafter.

The New Tariff Bill.

The Ways and Means committee held a meeting, on Dec. 16, and prepared to enter promptly upon the work preliminary to the preparation of a tariff bill, by providing for a number of hearings, at which the interests likely to be affected by proposed changes of the custom laws may give their views.

Mr. Barrows, of Michigan, offered a resolution, which was adopted, fixing the dates of hearings as follows: Metals, ores and coal, Thursday, 26; sugar, Saturday, 28; chemicals, Monday, December 30; earthen and glassware, Tuesday, December 31; wool, Thursday, January 2; manufactures of wool, Friday, January 3; flax, hemp, jute and cotton goods, Saturday, January 4; silks, Monday, January 6; tobacco, cigars, snuff, cigarettes, Tuesday, January 7; provisions and farm products, Wednesday, January 8; sundries, January 9; wood, woodenware, books and paper, January 10.

The committee also adopted resolutions which will be reported to the House for approval, authorizing it to sit during sessions of the House and providing for the distribution of the President's message among the House committees.

The Pay Too Small.

Congressmen who are interested in the selection of supervisors of the approaching census experience difficulty in finding the right sort of men to recommend for appointment, owing to the meager compensation allowed by the terms of the census act. Last year $2,500 compensation was the paid supervisors to $500. The duties of supervisors require for their satisfactory discharge men of integrity, good judgment and business habits. Each will have to select from 100 to 300 enumerators, superintend their work, complete the returns with accuracy and audit all their bills. To do this work, Congressmen say, is worth more than $500, and many of them have written to Supt. Porter upon the subject. The superintendent to day addressed a letter to Senator Hale, chairman of the Senate committee on the census, recommending that the act be changed so as to authorize him to pay supervisors $1,000 and assistant supervisors $500, but says that it will require fully a year's time to discharge the obligations devolving upon supervisors, and that in view of the responsibility of the position the sum of $1,000 is as little as should be paid them.

The Silcott Case.

The report of the Silcott select committee gives a detailed statement of the assets and liabilities of the office on December 5. The shortage is stated at $70,708.96. It states that the committe has not yet made sufficient investigation of the matter of discounts and notes.

Many notes, the committee believes, were forged to cover defalcation already existing. It also says that the committee cannot too severely condemn the manner in which the sergeant-at-arms conducted the affairs of his office. Mr. Payson offered a resolution continuing the committee and giving it enlarged powers in which a long debate sprung up. After which a resolution was adopted extending the powers of the select committee, so that it may report to the House its conclusions as to the effect of any deficiency of cash in the office of the sergeant at arms.

Supreme Court Question.

One of the reasons which the Supreme court justices think should have weight in favor of the passage of a bill to increase the number of justices on the Supreme court bench is the large territory over which some of them have to preside when they go on circuit during the summer recess of the court. Justice Miller's circuit includes Colorado, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas and the Northwest. This circuit is the one Judge Brewer has presided over, and there is a unanimity of opinion among lawyers that it is too large for one circuit judge, and that the extreme western territory should be divided by creating at least two additional judges and also two additional Supreme court justices to sit with the circuit judges in the new made districts when not on the bench at Washington.

Committee on Elections.

The House committee on Elections held its first meeting and effected an organization on December 12. Chester H. Rowell, of Illinois, son of the chairman, was selected as clerk. A sub-committee on rules was selected, consisting of the chairman, Messrs. Houk, Cooper, Crisp and O'Ferrell. This subcommittee will be charged with the arrangement of the seventeen contested election cases, now awaiting settlement. The committee will meet again subject to call when the sub-committee is ready to report.

Funeral of Mrs. Scott-Lord.

Not more than 60 persons were within the Church of the Incarnation, at Washington, on Dec. 11, when the burial service of the Episcopal church was read over the remains of Mrs. Scott-Lord. President Harrison, Mrs. Harrison and other relatives of the deceased lady were in attendance, as were also the Vice President, Mrs. Morton, members of the cabinet and their families and prominent officials. Admission was by invitation.

Congratulating Stanley.

The secretary of State has sent the following cable message to Explorer Stanley:

"I am directed by the President of the United States to tender his congratulations to you upon the success which has attended your long tour of discovery through Africa, and upon the advantages which may accrue therefrom to the civilized world. BLAINE."

Silcott's Successor.

Sergeant-at-Arms Holmes, of the House, has appointed E. J. Hartshorn, of Iowa, to be cashier of his office, in place of the defaulter, Silcott. Mr. Hartshorn has given a bond of $50,000 for the proper performance of his duties.

The Direct Tax.

The senate committee on Finance, on December 17, directed a favorable report to be made upon the direct tax bill in the shape in which it passed both houses of the last congress.

Supreme Court Ruling on the Biennial Amendment.

The Supreme court of Ohio, on Dec. 17, ruled that the biennial elections amendment to the constitution of Ohio, which received a majority of votes cast on proposition at last election, was not legally adopted. This establishes the principle that to change the constitution a majority of all votes cast at a general election must be in the affirmative.

Struck it Rich.

Capt. Robert M. Foster, of Monticello, Illinois, who served in the 115th Illinois infantry through the late war, has just discovered that his wife is the legal heir to 800,000 acres of land lying in Virginia and Kentucky. He has entered suit in the federal court in Covington, Ky., to secure possession of the land which is very valuable.

GENERAL NEWS.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Close of the Career of the Distinguished English Poet.

Robert Browning, the poet, died at 10 o'clock on the night of Dec. 12, without any suffering at Venice, Italy.

[Robert Browning was born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, in 1812, and was educated at the University of London. At the age of 20 he went to Italy, and during his residence in that country he diligently studied its mediæval history and became acquainted with the life of the people. His first published attempt in poetry was "Pauline," a tale in verse, to which was appended "Paracelsus," a dramatic poem. This was issued in 1835. It did not attract general attention, although students of poesy hailed it as the production of an original mind, rich in performances and richer still in promise. In 1837 Mr. Browning's tragedy of "Strafford" was presented on the stage in London, but it met with very moderate success, in spite of Macready's masterful personation of the hero. In 1840 Mr. Browning published "Sordello," a poem, the subject of which was drawn from the supposed life of the Provençal poet mentioned in the sixth canto of Dante's "Purgatorio." The public pronounced this work an unintelligible rhapsody, and it was omitted from the edition of his collected poems, published in London in 1849, and reprinted in the United States. In November, 1846, Mr. Browning was married to Miss Elizabeth Barrett, the distinguished poet (who died in 1861), and after his marriage he resided for some years in Italy. In 1850 appeared "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," a poem embodying his impressions of the religious and spiritual aspects of the age. This was followed, in 1855, by a collection of poems entitled "Men and Women," one of the most powerful of his works. From that time until 1880 his muse was very busy, and the production of his pen during that period fonn an imposing list. In 1883 his "Jocoseria" was given to the press, and quite recently a new volume of poems from his pen has been published. Mr. Browning had many admirers, although his works are probably less understood than those of any other poet of the century. In 1881 a Browning society was established in London, its object being the study and discussion of his works and the production of his plays. It is still in existence, and has a large membership. Browning reading clubs were also established. These became quite fashionable in England, and many were formed in the United States. The later years of Mr. Browning's life were spent in London. He was an attractive personality, easily approached and greatly courted by society.]

To Be Buried by His Wife.

When Mr. Browning's friends first made known the poet's intention of being buried by his wife's side, the Florence authorities stated that it would require an act of parliament to reopen the old cemetery where Mrs. Browning was buried; but they have since announced that out of respect to the poet's wishes they are willing to remove Mrs. Browning's remains and the monument over her grave to the new cemetery.

OLIVER JOHNSON.

A Veteran Printer, Editor and Abolitionist, Passes Away.

Oliver Johnson, of Brooklyn, the veteran editor and abolitionist, died on Dec. 11.

[With Johnson's death the world lost the last figure of what was the greatest movement for the emancipation of mankind. He was born in Vermont, and in early life he was a journeyman printer. In 1831 he started the Christian Soldier, in which he vigorously denounced slavery. He became associated with William Lloyd Garrison, and with him organized the New England Anti-Slavery society in 1832. This society led to the formation of the American Anti-Slavery society, with its affiliation auxiliaries, causing a public excitation which ceased only with the abolition of slavery. Mr. Johnson lectured frequently on the subject of slavery, and traveled throughout the Eastern states agitating abolition. He was mobbed once in Pennsylvania for lecturing on this subject and narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered. He published papers at different points in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and other states, in which he advocated abolition. In 1854 Mr. Johnson was appointed assistant editor of the New York *Tribune*. He was also leading editor of the New York *Independent* about 1857, and after Horace Greeley's death, was managing editor of the *Christian Union* for three years, under the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. In 1880 he published a book on "William Lloyd Garrison and His Times," and up to a few years ago was connected with the New York *Evening Post*. Mr. Johnson was twice married, and leaves a widow and daughter.]

AUNT MARY DEAD.

The Owner of the Famous Little Lamb Passes Away.

Aunt Mary Tyler, as she was familiarly called, died at her residence in Somerville Mass., on Dec. 10, aged 83. She was born in Sterling, Mass. Her maidenname was Mary F. Sawyer, and she was the subject of the rhyme, "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

His Wife Dropped Dead.

The wife of Representative Joseph Cannon of Illinois, dropped dead at her home at Danville, Ill., on December 16. Ex-Senator Kellogg and Representative Gear were notified, and coming at once to the capitol, called Mr. Cannon from the room of the committee on Appropriations, where he was at work, and broke the sad news to him. Mr. Cannon was completely overcome and left the first train for home.

Thomas Parker Dead.

Thomas Parker, a well-known citizen of Washington, died there on Dec 12, aged 83. He was one of those who drew Lafayette's carriage into Washington from Baltimore in 1824. He was father-in-law of ex-Gov. Charles P. Johnson, of Missouri.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Dom Pedro Will Not Take the Brazilian Fund.

Dom Pedro and the Republican authorities in Brazil have had some correspondence by cable on the subject of the settlement upon the ex-Emperor of a large sum of money as a retiring pension or solace. Dom Pedro has uniformly maintained since his exile that he would not accept the gratuity that it was at first reported had been voted him.

He has even spoken of it with some irritation. He has adhered to his purpose in the final answer just sent to Rio Janeiro through the Brazilian legation, which is to the effect that Dom Pedro declines to accept any sum beyond that authorized by the laws of Brazil. It is rumored that the Brazilian minister here will be dismissed.

Siberian Exiles Shot.

Reports have been received at London of the massacre of Siberian exiles. It is alleged that a party of exiles, having hesitated, contrary to orders, in regard to the withdrawal of a petition, were attacked by the police and soldiers. Six were shot dead, including a young woman. Nine were wounded. The pretext for the attack was that the petition was of a rebellious character. A court-martial condemned those of the survivors to death and the others to long terms of imprisonment. One of the wounded was carried to the gallows on a bed.

Parnell Warmly Welcomed.

Mr. Parnell, who is to speak in reply to the speech recently made by Lord Salisbury at the Conservative conference at Nottingham, arrived in that city on Dec. 17. There was a great crowd at the railway station when he arrived, and he was greeted with mingled groans and cheers.

Mrs. Salvation Booth.

Mrs. Booth, the wife of the commander of the Salvation Army, is now sinking and all hopes of her recovery is abandoned. Her disease is cancer. She is serene and confident in the face of the relentless enemy.

Russia Objects.

It is reported that the czar refuses to recognize the Brazilian republic and has broken off relations with the Brazilian minister at St. Petersburg.

Twelve Hundred Miners Liable to Be Thrown Out of Work.

About ten days ago the miners of Walston and Adrian, Pa., numbering nearly 1,200, held a meeting at Punxsutawney, and decided to strike if certain demands were not complied with. The company, according to a prior agreement, was entitled to a fourteen days' notice of a strike. The men immediately notified the company, and President Merchant promised to consult with the directors, but since then the company has been preparing for a strike by permitting the fires to die out in the coke ovens, and, instead of waiting until the fourteen days were up, notified the men that they were discharged.

Unless a compromise is effected a long and stubborn strike will be the result. If an attempt is made to evict the miners from their houses or put a new set of men into the mines there is likely to be serious trouble.

To Investigate.

At the suggestion of Governor Miller the legislature of Nort Dakota has authorized Commissioner of Agriculture Helgeson, to visit the localities from which destitution is reported and to report at once to the legislature, when a bill for relief may be passed. Commissioner Helgeson is authorized to receive all contributions for the relief of the destitute.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade, dated New York, Dec. 14, says: But for one thing the business reports received this week would be exceptionally satisfactory. Among all the reports received there is not one that does not mention the mild, open and unseasonable weather as accounting for some depression in one or more branches of business.

The effect is especially marked in the clothing trade, which has not wholly recovered from the unfavorable results of the last open winter, and at Philadelphia it begins to be feared that some misfortunes will occur unless good winter weather comes soon.

The trade in woolen goods and in heavy boots and shoes is also retarded, and the anthracite coal trade even more seriously, though suppression of detailed weekly reports leaves much to the imagination.

On the other hand, there is some compensation in the fact that the open winter has enabled building operations to be carried on larger than usual, and the activity in that large department is almost unprecedented at many points, notably at Philadelphia, where real estate is also very active and at Boston where the rebuilding after the fire there and at Lynn causes especial demand for materials.

The boot and shoe trade is satisfactory with all available factories employed.

Philadelphia carpet mills are also full, but at prices which leave narrow margins, and wool manufacturers are working on short time. The grocery trade these largely exceeds last year's at firm prices.

At Chicago the grain trade exceeds last year's, the trade in provisions has nearly, and butter and cheese quite doubled, while there is some decline in hides and a heavy decrease in wool. The feeling is confident and such depression as appears is considered temporary.

In nearly all lines business is large at St. Louis, the steady increase in clearings has continued and the reorganization of a new national bank, with the reorganization of three of the larger banks under national law and with increased capital, indicates business expansion. Except in North Central Arkansas and Southeast Missouri, collections are unusually

At Milwaukee, Omaha, St. Paul and other western points, while weather affects the retail trade, prospects are good and except in localities about Milwaukee, collections are called fairly satisfactory.

Strong evidence that the situation is healthy appears in the returns of iron furnaces Dec. 1, which shows a weekly output of 169,151 tons against 165,225 Nov. 1, and 148,913 a year ago. With an output at the rate of 8,750,000 tons per annum, iron does not yield in price, though it is admitted that heavy sales have been made at figures below Philadelphia quotations, and in many instances probably at $19 with guarantee against loss if prices fall. It is hoped that $20 may be established for the coming year, but there is evidence of unceasing rush in the market for bar iron and other finished products, although steel rails are firm at $35. Advancing prices are noted in Pittsburg, and great activity in ore at Cleveland, where it is stated the entire Lake Superior product for next year has been already sold the Bessemer at $6 per ton.

Fears of monetary difficulty have faded away, but the market has not grown easy as yet, nor has reinforcements come from any quarter. The east is in want of funds; the west finds in phenomenal business activity employment for the large amounts sent thither, and the anticipated imports of gold from Europe do not yet arrive. Foreign exchange, indeed, is a shade stronger than a week ago.

Failures for the last seven days: For the United States 260, for Canada 30. Total 290, compared with 316 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 303, representing 268 in the United States and 35 in Canada.

BROKE UP IN A ROW.

The Indians Are Learning the Ways of the White Man.

The United States commission has failed in their negotiations with the Cherokees for the sale of the Cherokee outlet and left for Washington on December 16. The commission will prepare its report during the holidays, and submit it to Congress upon the reassembling of that body.

The commission appointed by the Cherokees met with the commission last Monday and said that the latter must request the government to permit them to treat with the Indians under that section of the law which allows them to offer more than $1.25 per acre for the land. Several trivial questions were also asked. The lady stenographer of the commission reported the interview. When the request was transcribed the commission replied that the questions were trivial and did not deserve answer.

The Indians replied that the stenographic report of the interview was incorrect and had been falsified by the stenographer. The commission made answer that that charge was a deliberate falsehood, and it ruffled the Indians that all negotiations were at an end so far as the present commission was concerned. A personal note was sent to each member of the Indian commission charging each with deliberate falsehood and informing each that the allegation against the lady stenographer was as contemptible as it was false. The correspondence has caused great excitement. A delegation of full-bloods called on the commission this evening and told them that all the full-bloods were willing to sell at $1.25 per acre.

POTATO CONTEST.

Mrs. M. I. Covell, of Erie County, O., Wins One of the Prizes.

A Womans' National Potato contest, arranged by a New York paper, has recently taken place. Several prizes were given, the highest being $100. The unique contest was engaged in by the wives and daughters of farmers in many parts of the country. A synopsis of the result shows that there were 1,000 contestants and that 200 premiums were awarded.

The first prize was given to Mrs. Eliza Day, of Johnson county, Wyoming. The yield was at the rate of 1,105⅝ bushels per acre. The second prize was won by Miss Mary Rusk, of Madison county, Ill., yield 970.66 bushels per acre. The third prize was awarded to Mrs. M. I. Covell, of Erie county, Ohio, yield 925 bushels; the fourth to Miss Emma Hissam, of Steele county, Minn., yield 820 bushels; the fifth to Agnes C. Cameron, of Texas county, Mo., yield 854 bushels; the sixth to Mrs. Mary E. Warren, of Fairfield county, Conn., yield 810 bushels; the seventh to Mrs. Mary A. Presley, of St. Clair county, Mich., yield 766 bushels; the eighth to Mrs. Daniel Dunn, of Algoma, Canada, yield 700.9 bushels; the ninth to Miss Sarah A. Smith, of St. Louis county, Mo., yield 700 bushels.

The rest of the prizes were awarded for all yields below 700 and above 300 bushels to the acre.

A Sad Case of Premature Interment in Wisconsin.

A sad case of premature burial has just developed at Madison, Wisconsin. About a month ago diphtheria appeared in the home of a prominent family. A young domestic was terribly frightened, and desired to go to her home in the country, but the attending physician would not permit this, not from fear of spreading the disease, but to render assistance to the family.

A young child died of the dread disease, and Julia, with the horror of disease, caused the young girl to take to her bed, and she apparently died in a few hours and was at once buried by the authorities. A few days ago her parents obtained permission to move the body to the country, and upon opening the casket they were horrified to discover that the body was lying on its face, the hair wrenched from the head and the flesh literally torn from the face and hands.

Opium Smuggling.

For several years the Puget Sound country has been infested with an organized gang of opium smugglers, with headquarters at Victoria, B. C. Although inspectors have been constantly patrolling the border and searching all in-coming steamers, only a few of the smugglers have been overhauled, and those captured proved nothing but stool-pigeons for the leaders of the gang. On Dec. 12, the most important capture ever made on the coast was effected at Tacoma, Wash., Bill Easton, alias "Black Bill," and Jack Powers, chief of the gang, together with conductor on the Northern Pacific who acted as a confederate, were arrested by the United States marshal. Two hundred and fifty taels of opium, valued at $2,200, were found in their possession.

Democratic Senators Take the Oath in Montana.

The Democratic members of the Montana senate appeared in the senate chamber on the 16th, and took the oath of office, whereupon the senate adjourned till Tuesday morning. The Democratic house has issued an invitation to the Republican house to come and join them.

GRADY'S SPEECH.

He Acknowledges the Suppression of Votes, and Dares the Government to Interfere.

Nearly half a thousand of Boston's solid business men crowded into the Hotel Vendome on the night of December 12 to attend the annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' association. Among the prominent people were Hon. Jonathan A. Lane, president of the association; ex-President Cleveland and Messrs. H. W. Grady, W. L. Putnam, P. A. Collins, John Lowell, W. E. Russell, Leopold Morse, Governor Oliver Ames, Andrew Carnegie, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey, and Collector Saltonstall—all guests of the association.

Governor Ames delivered the address of welcome, and was followed by Mr. Cleveland, who spoke in a strong, well-modulated voice and was heard by all.

Following Mr Cleveland came Henry W. Grady of Georgia, who was warmly received and who spoke at length.

Mr. Grady said that he was invited to discuss the race problem. No missionary could stand deeper in need of culture and address than he, in planting the standard of a Southern Democrat in Boston. He should speak in perfect frankness and sincerity. The South, the fairest and richest domain on earth, is so scantly peopled that but 15 per cent. of its lands are cultivated. The sons of New England seek with troubled eyes some new Eldorado, yet since 1860 the immigration of northerners to the South has been decreasing because of the race problem and the suspicions it breeds. The southerners were so beset with this problem that their very existence depends on its right solution.

Replying to the imputation that the south treated the negroes unjustly the speaker said that this year the south raised 7,500,000 bales of cotton, which enormous crop could not have come from the hands of discontented labor. The negroes of Georgia, who, twenty-five years ago were slaves, now possess $25,000,000 worth of property. For every Afro-American agitator stirring strife, he could show a thousand negroes happy in their cabin homes and with their children in the schools.

Since 1865 the south has spent $122,000,000 in education, and this year is pledged to $37,000,000 more, although the blacks, paying one-thirtieth of the taxes, get nearly one-half the fund. In the south are negro lawyers, teachers, editors, doctors, preachers—multiplying with the increasing ability of their race to support them. In the courts the negroes have a distinctly better showing on account of their color.

It is admitted that there is disorder and violence, but it is misjudged. Lawlessness in Iowa is accepted as an accident, while that in the south is ascribed to racial causes. The black will cast a free ballot when ignorance anywhere is not dominated by the will of the intelligent. The whites are not in prejudice, but of necessity. The negro vote remains an ignorant and credulous faction, the prey of the unscrupulous of both parties, and plays a part in a campaign in which every interest of society is jeopardized and every approach to the ballot box debauched. Against such campaigns as this the southern whites are banded, as Massachusetts whites would be in similar circumstances.

In reply to the challenge as to the alleged smallness of the Southern vote, Mr. Grady said that the sixteen Southern states in 1888 cast 67 per cent of their total vote; the six New England states but 63 per cent of theirs. The negro has learned that the ballot box which promised him most, has yielded him least, and at last has realized that his best friends are his neighbors, with whose prosperity his own is bound up. It would be well if Northern partisans understand that the negro vote can never again control the South. If there be any human force which cannot be withstood, it is that of the banded intelligence and responsibility of a free community. Upon that the South relies, not upon the cowardly menace of mask or shot-gun. Force bills will not avail. The North may surrender its right to federal election law, but never again with a single state, North or South, be delivered to the control of an ignorant and inferior race. Time alone can tell how the problem presented will be solved.

The speaker believed it would be solved by the people most bound in honor to its solution. He asked of his hearers: First, patience, out of this alone can come perfect work; second, confidence, in this alone can you judge fairly; third, sympathy, in this you can help us best; fourth, give us your sons as hostages, that they may help to swell the Anglo-Saxon current until it can absorb without disaster the black infusion; fifth, loyalty to the republic, for there is sectionalism in loyalty as in estrangement.

Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts—that knows no south, no north, no east, no west, but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every stage of our union.

Much applause, considerable laughter and tears, too, were evoked by Mr. Grady's address.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie was then introduced. Prior to entering upon the discussion of his topic he referred to Mr. Cleveland as one who in history would be classified to do his duty and who who possessed the respect of the entire community regardless of party. He said Mr. Cleveland had demonstrated one answer to the question of his own asking, what to do with ex-Presidents. He had shown that one good thing to do with them was to invite them to all banquets; and in this connection the question occurred to him, why not run them again?

At this there was a storm of applause, with cries of "Good," "That's so," and renewed cheering.

Mr. Carnegie then proceeded to a brief exposition of the wonderful progress made by this country during the past thirty years in commerce, manufacturing and mining, declaring that in the last two industries she now leads the world, while her credit is first among nations. His address, which was brief, owing to the lateness of the hour, was confined almost wholly to statistics. He took occasion to say that he did not share the fears of some that the republic was in danger from serious dangers. He believed nothing could prevent her from achieving her destiny.

Mr. Carnegie was followed by Hon. W. L. Putnam, late Democratic candidate for governor of Maine, who spoke briefly.

AGED 82.

Whittier Requests That the Annual Festivities be Omitted.

December 17 was the eighty-second anniversary of the birth of the Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. A few days ago the newspapers made known to the public Mr. Whittier's desire that on this anniversary friends and admirers who were wont to gather around him with birthday congratulations should leave him undisturbed.

In his own gentle and yet firm way, he said he was tired; that he felt their desires for his happiness; that he thanked and loved the people, but that he must rest. So that this form of extending felicitations has been abandoned and he was permitted to pass the day in peace and quietness.

A Negro Murderer Who Could Read His Title Clear.

Thomas Spooner, a young negro 21 years old, was executed at Fort Allen, West Baton Rouge Parish on Dec. 13 for the murder of Seth Swearingen, a white man on Nelson plantation, on the night of October 13, 1888. Spooner, after the murder, fled, but was captured last May and returned to the scene of the crime. After conviction, Spooner's case was appealed to the Supreme court, but the verdict of the jury was affirmed and the governor signed the death warrant November 15. Spooner walked to the scaffold, saying: "I am going to the grave-yard." On mounting the scaffold he advised those within hearing, at some length, that "He was going to glory, and was ready to go; the minute this rope is cut my soul hops up into heaven." He confessed his crime and expressed his sorrow at the commission.

Lumbermen Hope for Snow to Help Them Out This Winter.

Northwestern lumbermen have been rather discouraged of late over the continuance of snowless weather. Their great difficulty last winter in getting out logs was the lack of snow, and in consequence the cut the past season was very materially curtailed.

Now, however, they have received word from north of Aitken that there is five inches of snow on the ground. If they have this amount through the season they say they can get along all right. One prominent lumberman says unless the outlook changes for the worse soon, the prospects are that the cut will be from 50 million to 100 million feet larger than last year.

THE CRONIN CASE.

The Verdict of the Jury—Public Dissatisfaction Thereat.

The jury in the Cronin case at Chicago, after being out from Friday, 13th to Monday, 16th, finally agreed. The verdict is as follows: Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke, guilty of murder; penalty, life imprisonment; Kunze, three years; Beggs, not guilty.

When the verdict was announced, Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke turned deathly pale, while Kunze started suddenly from his seat, and a moment later dropped his head upon his breast and burst into tears.

Beggs's face was luminous with joy, and immediately after the polling of the jury, he arose from amid the prisoners, walked over to the jury box, and clasping the members hand in that followed, shook Foreman Clarke's hand heartily, and said: "Gentlemen, I thank you. I trust that the future may confirm your judgment upon me, and that you will never regret that you found me not guilty of this terrible charge." As he shook hands with the jurors, each man bowed his head in acknowledgment of the grateful words of the liberated man.

The only sound that broke the stillness was the deep sobs of the little German Kunze. He burst out with, "I am innocent; God knows that I never was out to Lake View that night. Longenecker and Schuettler will witness. I am sure of that. They went out and bought farms with the money they got. Him and Schuettler did it."

O'Sullivan was the only one of the other three prisoners who found refuge in tears. For a moment they trickled down his cheeks, but a minute later his black eyes flashed with defiance on revival of his courage, and dashing his hand across his brow, he braced up in his seat and cast a long glace around the Court-room.

The only evidence of terror to be perceived in Coughlin was the increased pallor that overspread his face as he fully realized the significance of a sentence of life imprisonment, and his lips twitched nervously during the colloquy that followed between the attorneys and the court relative to the motion for a new trial.

Martin Burke was unquestionably the least affected of all the prisoners. His usually florid face took on a slight pallor as the verdict was announced, but a moment later his jaws again began the methodical mastication of gum as regularly as at any previous time during the trial.

As the verdict was announced, and the large audience contemplated little Kunze's grief, Beggs turned to a reporter and said: "It is a shame to sentence Kunze. The poor little fellow, I think, is as innocent as I am. It is a d—d shame to send him to the penitentiary for three years. He had no more idea of being found guilty than you had of being declared an accomplice in this crime."

Move for a New Trial.

Mr. Forrest, on behalf of the four convicted defendants, entered the accustomed motion for a new trial, and, after considerable discussion, the judged fixed Jan. 13 as the day on which the motion for a new trial should be argued, and the prisoners were taken back to jail. Kunze was still crying and went out of the door with tears running down his face and still muttering and sobbing to himself. Martin Burke followed Kunze, and as he passed he whispered to Forrest and smiled. He seemed entirely unconcerned. O'Sullivan followed, looking pale and sallow. Dan Coughlin, the ex-detective, was the last of the prisoners to move, and as he stalked out he half turned and looked back into the court-room, as if expecting to find some friend. The doors clanged behind the bailiff who brought up in the rear, and the Cronin trial was over.

Beggs, who had been sitting in one of the juror's chairs surrounded by friends, then came down from that and one of them all and proceeded smilingly to his old cell, where he turned only long enough to get his coat and hat.

Judge McConnell's Views.

"What do you think of the verdict, judge?" asked the Associated Press representative of Judge McConnell after the adjournment of court for the day.

"Judicially of course I can pass no opinion upon the verdict. As an individual, however, and without being cognizant of all the proceedings in the jury room, I might say that I think the verdict is the result of a probable objection of some of the jurors to the death penalty on circumstantial evidence."

"Mr. Culver, probably?"

"No, not Mr. Culver necessarily. I understand he was in favor of acquittal from the start. It was only after long and harrassing deliberation that he originally agreed with the rest upon this verdict. You will